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Contents

The Week 336

Editorials

Toward National Planning 339
A New Deal for Nicaragua? 340
The Majesty of the Law 341

General Articles

Are Depressions Avoidable? ..... George Soule 342
Communists and Cops ..... Edmund Wilson 344
Problem Children, Inc. ..... Beulah Amidon 347
Two Intellectuals ..... Robert Morss Lovett 349
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 352
Little Asides: I ..... Stark Young 353

Correspondence 354

Reviews of Books

The Cult of Saki ..... P. M. Jack 356
The House of Morgan ..... Burton Rascoe 357
Rome Is Burning ..... James Rorty 358
Mr. Brown Says Yes and No ..... Byron Dexter 359
Science and Religion ..... W. B. Curry 360
Book Notes 360

The Week

PRESIDENT Hoover is engaged in a desperate gamble with death, in his refusal to accept money from the public treasury for the victims of the drought. He is assuming that the Red Cross has, or can obtain, sufficient funds to carry all the victims through the period, which will be several months at the least, until they can again help themselves. The Red Cross is now seeking to raise $10,000,000, and is encountering difficulties in doing so: it would have been reasonable to suppose, in view of the appalling nature of the emergency, that it would have had the entire amount in hand by February 1, yet on that date it had raised less than one-half the total. It has some other money available; nobody knows how much and Judge Payne refuses to be candid in his public statements on the subject, although the Red Cross is a quasi-official agency. It is also keeping secret the facts about the size of the emergency and the probable total expenditure which will be required. We know, however, that 750,000 persons are now wholly destitute, three times as many as were being helped one month ago; that the number is increasing "ten or twenty thousand a day"; that nearly half the states in the Union are affected in greater or less degree; that at least 40 percent of the rural population in Kentucky must be aided; that conditions are still worse in Arkansas. Forty percent of the rural population of Kentucky, which is our seventeenth state in size of population, means 400,000 persons. If the same ratio were maintained in Arkansas—it may prove to be much higher—300,000 more must be added; and there are twenty other states in distress.

THE Red Cross has been conducted in such a way as to cause grave loss of confidence in the competency of its leaders; and President Hoover is so habitually wrong in his statistical statements, and above all in his forecasts of the future, that it is hard to put much reliance on his belief that the funds now in sight are sufficient to meet the emergency. The alternative is tragic, and we hope with all our hearts that he is right. Yet we cannot help thinking of the ironic contrast between the Hoover of today and the Hoover who was the rescuer of babies in Europe a decade ago. Then he did not hesitate to use government funds for food: millions of dollars were so expended under his direction. Long after the conflict was over, he spent huge sums from the United States Treasury to feed the victims of war and famine abroad. If the victims of drought in Arkansas or Kentucky could transport themselves half around the world, and move backward ten years in time, his scruples would not exist. As it is, he is willing to have the government buy them grain and farm machinery—provided they can live to sow the seed and reap the harvest; he will feed their livestock for them; but when it comes to food, clothing and shelter for themselves and their families, he can only say: "Judge Payne hopes to raise enough money by private charity, even in these hard times, to keep you alive; and on the chance that he will be able to do so, the door of the United States Treasury must be locked against you, lest the budget be unbalanced and the taxes on the wealthier elements in the community be increased." There must be millions of Americans who are rubbing their eyes and saying, "Is this the Hoover we saw at work in Belgium?"

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MEN who fight for their country, and as a result are partly or wholly incapacitated for earning their living, have an obvious claim upon the nation for subsequent assistance, and no sensible person begrudges them a reasonable degree of aid. That statement, however, does not describe the system of war pensions as it now exists in this country or has ever existed. Pensions are rarely given voluntarily; they are bulldozed out of Congress by the organized political power of veterans' associations; they are given indiscriminately to all former soldiers whether in need or not; they constitute a staggering burden upon the national income and they get larger and larger as time passes. When America entered the European War, the authorities made a firm effort to avoid fastening on the country another pension burden, by setting up the scheme of war-risk insurance; but a decade after the War's end, one organized and highly vocal group of veterans succeeded in intimidating Congress and obtaining an additional, indiscriminate bonus, the only real basis for which was the fact that the veterans had votes.

THE bonus is in the form of "adjusted service certificates," a government security maturing fifteen years hence; and now the expected has happened, and some of the veterans are demanding that they be cashed immediately. This would require, according to Treasury Department estimates, a bond issue of $3,400,000,000. The American Legion at its Boston convention last year refused to sanction this proposal; but alarmed lest a rival association of veterans should steal a march on it, the executive committee of the Legion has now endorsed the project. Fortunately, there seems little chance that it will get through Congress; and if it does President Hoover will refuse to sign the bill, which can hardly be repassed over his veto. Thousands of war veterans are now unemployed and in desperate need of assistance; but they should be aided on that basis, and not because of their war service. In particular, this is no time to pour out billions for those other veterans who do not need assistance.

WHILE we agree with President Hoover and Secretary Mellon in their opposition to the bill, we must admit that we are startled by the reason Mr. Mellon advances for opposing it. He says that a three-and-a-half-million-dollar bond issue could not be floated at present without upsetting the financial equilibrium of the country; and Charles E. Mitchell, of the National City Bank, is even gloomier, predicting "hundreds of bank failures" if the attempt is made. These are certainly two of the most bearish statements we have seen lately, and they are in striking contrast to the official optimism which is again beginning to emanate from other branches of the federal government. Many economists believe that a revival of the bond market will be an important adjunct of the return of prosperity; if the outlook is so dark that there is no hope of floating a government issue about one-sixth as large as our war loans, then conditions are grave indeed.

MELVIN E. TRAYLOR, American member of the Board of the Bank for International Settlements, has added his voice to that of other prominent bankers who have tried to diagnose the depression. He said something more intelligent than most of the others when he pointed out the need for a national economic policy, and called for the convocation of an economic conference to consider it. His ideas of the nature of a desirable policy do not, however, appear to hang together. He recognizes that as a result of rapidly increasing efficiency of production, we have learned to produce more goods than we know how to distribute. "Synthetically we are eliminating workers, whereas synthetically we have found no method of increasing consumption." One would have thought the logical conclusion from this is that we must either devote less income to increasing productive facilities, or find some way to provide a more rapid advance in the purchasing power of wages. His specific recommendations, however, point in exactly the opposite direction. He would advance or reduce wages as the cost of living goes up and down, thus keeping the purchasing power of the worker at a dead level. And he would loosen up on regulation of railroads and other utilities, as well as lessening taxation and all other governmental "interference" with industry. This would allow profits to increase and stimulate still larger capital expenditures. Is it possible to have a type of stabilization which keeps the standard of living of the wage earners from advancing while profits grow without limit? If this is possible, is it desirable?

LATE, incomplete and disappointing as is the statement issued February 1, by the New York State Commissioner of Banks, in regard to the assets of the Bank of United States, it nevertheless throws light on the question of why this bank and other banks have failed. The Bank of United States did not fail because its assets were seriously impaired by the stock-exchange crash and the industrial depression. A total of about seventeen million dollars in "frozen" mortgages and building loans is perhaps chargeable to this source, as are also a number of commercial loans secured by collateral which has shrunk in value. But all this is a very minor part of the bank's losses. It failed because it organized investment-trust subsidiaries primarily to gamble, either in real estate or on the stock market, and because it advanced to them about twenty-three million dollars without security. It failed because it lent about two million dollars without security to its own directors. It failed because it tried to peg the value of its own stock and lost about ten million dollars in the process. It failed because, in so conducting a business on the far margins of legality, it had to have political in-

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fluence, and because it sought this influence by lending money to politicians on security of the flimsiest sort. It failed, in a word, because its higher officers, its directors, its vice presidents in charge of its fifty-nine branches, all spent other people's money like drunken sailors, confident, during the intoxication of a boom year, that it would multiply itself tenfold and come rolling back into their pockets. And it failed—this disturbing feature of the situation is never mentioned in the newspapers—not only because it was guilty of all these practices, but also because it was a newcomer in the banking world, without the powerful connections that have saved other banks, many of which are known to have been equally careless of their depositors' money.

THE grandfatherly London Times apparently has a ludicrous misconception of the Russian experiment, just as irritable grandfathers frequently misunderstand the younger generation. The Five Year Plan, it says, is likely to succeed, and the result will so flood the markets of the world with Russian exports that other nations, in order to compete successfully, will have to "exploit their labor with the same ruthless thoroughness and reduce their standard of living to approach the Russian level." This statement assumes, what is a characteristic assumption of the old capitalism, that the main purpose of exporting is and must be to injure foreign nations. Has it ever occurred to The Times that the sole function of Russian exports is to pay for imports, and that the use of these imports is to lay the foundation for raising the Russian standard of living? If the Five Year Plan fails, The Times can have nothing to worry about, but if it succeeds, and the success is followed up according to further plan, the danger to other nations will be the exact opposite of that which The Times envisions. Russia will raise her own standard of living by her own productive efficiency to such a point that other nations can sell her less; and the working populations of the rest of the world will begin to wonder why they do not prosper as well as the Russians.

FROM his cell in San Quentin prison, Tom Mooney has recently issued a pamphlet in which he accuses the leaders of the American Federation of Labor of "betraying" him. In this pamphlet he announces that after withholding his accusations for fifteen years he "cannot remain silent any longer" and that, although the rank and file of the trade unions have always believed in his innocence, "their desires and wishes have been subverted and sabotaged by the labor leaders" who "have always told the politicians in public office to ignore any protest coming from the unions in my behalf." To substantiate his accusations Mooney quotes from Fremont Older, editor of The San Francisco Call-Bulletin, who states in his book, "My Own Story," "that ten of the twelve local labor leaders were actively conniving at keeping these men [Mooney and Billings] in prison or doing nothing to help them." Mooney advances other serious testimony to the effect that the labor leaders have done little or nothing to free the two men. Meanwhile, however, those who are eager to see them freed should exert every effort in their behalf, for if Mooney's charges are really true, then a pardon for him can only be forced by non-labor organizations. The new Governor, James M. Rolph, appears not to have closed his mind against the two men, but it is probably true that he can be moved out of the inertia which seems to descend upon all California Governors only if immediate and renewed pressure is brought to bear upon him.

MR. Thomas L. Chadbourne recently returned from Europe where he has negotiated an agreement whereby the present world sugar production of 27,000,000 tons a year will be reduced by 2,300,000 tons annually. The exporting countries also agree to withhold unsold surplus supplies, gradually releasing them for sale over a period of five years. By means of such an agreement it is hoped that the price of sugar will rise so as to meet costs of production. All the leading sugar countries have entered this agreement, except Peru, Santo Domingo and Russia; and Mr. Chadbourne is hopeful that these countries will join later. Whether this plan will succeed any better than past efforts at regulating the output of rubber, coffee and other basic products remains to be seen. Meanwhile there is one aspect of the question which seems to have been overlooked by the American press—the effect of the Chadbourne plan upon the Cuban farmer. At present only about one-third of the sugar in Cuba is produced by natives; the remainder comes from large foreign corporations, mostly American. Under the Chadbourne plan, each producer in Cuba will be obliged to donate sugar to the government, the total thus collected amounting to 1,500,000 tons. This sugar is to be withdrawn from the market, the producers receiving for it merely government certificates. Many Cubans have expressed the fear that only the large American corporations will be financially able to donate such stocks to the government and restrict production. If the Cuban mill owner, already confronted by bankruptcy, is unable to make this sacrifice, he will be forced to sell his property to the American companies, which have large resources. Undoubtedly there is a danger that the Chadbourne plan will increase American economic control over Cuba. So far, the Cuban nationalists have attacked the Machado dictatorship along political lines. If they genuinely desire Cuban independence, they must also work out a plan for agrarian reform which will restore the resources of the island to the Cuban people.

MAJOR Frank Pease, who boasts of having driven Eisenstein, "Hollywood's Messenger from Hell," out of the movies, has rushed into the lime-

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light with another idea. He is organizing a new movement which he calls the American Defenders or The Blue Shirts. This organization is evidently to be the Hitlerite party in this country, the only difference being that blue rather than brown shirts are to be the fashion. If it follows the splendid example of its German progenitor, it would have us all rushing about smashing Communists or, in our lighter moments, desecrating Jewish graveyards—except for the fact that only a select few of us are privileged to join. One must fill out a long questionnaire to prove one's 100-percent patriotism. However, before delivering the American Fascist salute and filling out our own application blank, there are at least two questions we should like to have the good Major answer himself. We should like to know, first of all, if Major Pease is in the shirt business, and if, after all, this is only a novel sales device? And second, how has he the nerve to import so Hitlerite an article into a country which was at war with Germany so short a while ago?

THE severe charges which have often been made against the Jugoslav regime in Macedonia are repeated in a recent impressive statement by a Macedonian refugee, Mlle. Ghena Veleva. She reiterates all the charges that have repeatedly been made, and never successfully refuted, against the Jugoslav government's methods in its new territories: official assassination, desecration of Bulgarian graves, the closing of Bulgarian schools, churches, libraries and newspaper offices and a general policy of terrorization. It is, of course, arguable that the Jugoslavs are entitled to the Macedonian lands, but these methods scarcely suggest that Jugoslav rule is in accord with the wish of the population. So long as the Jugoslav dictatorship forbids a free press and free speech, its occupation is open to the gravest question. What is really needed is an international investigation. Any refusal of the Jugoslavs to accept such a necessary measure suggests that they prefer to emulate the old pre-war methods of the Hapsburg dynasty—with perhaps another Serajevo as its natural result.

Toward National Planning

INTELLIGENT planning is badly needed in many departments of our national economy, but nowhere more urgently than in regard to agriculture. There are whole regions today where farming is attempted under conditions which doom the effort in advance to failure. There are others where success is only possible if the operation is on a large scale, or is conducted with the latest scientific methods, or if certain special crops are raised, or if all of these conditions are simultaneously maintained. This would be true in many areas even if we had a national economic policy which attempted to be fair to the farmer; it is even more true when, as at present, conditions are deliberately arranged so as to give manufacturing an unfair special advantage over agriculture.

While these things have long been known to the expert, in a general way, hardly any effort has been made toward a useful application of this knowledge. Farmers are still permitted to buy or to homestead land which is hopelessly uneconomic; until recently, they have actually been encouraged by the federal government in doing so. Nobody knows how much good land there is in this country, or what should be done with the rest of it—whether it should be put into timber, or used for grazing, or altogether abandoned. Nobody knows the relation of our transportation system to the farm problem, to what extent agricultural products are needlessly transported longer distances than is necessary, or the type of transportation—by rail, by water or motor truck—which is best suited to any given produce in a given area. And for that matter, no one knows, with any long-distance view, the relation between our costs of agricultural production and those in other countries—Russia, for instance, and Australia and Argentina—so as to be able to say how long we can hope to continue to export our products in competition with them.

Some of the problems which would be ameliorated by intelligent study of this sort were indicated the other day by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York State in an address before the State Agricultural Society. The drift toward the cities is beginning to turn in the other direction, he stated; and it is of the greatest importance that it should not be allowed to do so blindly and therefore disastrously. New York, for instance, has 30,000,000 acres, of which 18,000,000 are regarded as "farm land"; but in fact, much of this ought never to be so considered. A survey in Tompkins County by Cornell University showed that there were farmers trying to keep alive on land so poor that "the bees would have to get down on their knees to make honey there." Much of this marginal and worse than marginal land should be returned to forest, and among other things, the state needs a comprehensive and far-sighted reforestation policy. But even the better farms require assistance. The state's highway program should be laid out so as to aid the farmers in getting their crops to market. The plotting of electric-transmission lines should be done in such a way as to make the use of electric power feasible for every farm; and while the Governor did not say so, the power should be delivered at a sufficiently reasonable price to make this economically practicable as well.

These ideas are not entirely novel; most of them were foreshadowed a few years ago in an excellent report of the New York State Housing and Regional Planning Commission, an important landmark in American history because for the first time it suggested the outlines of a comprehensive plan for an entire state. It is, nevertheless, heartening in the extreme to find in the gubernatorial man-

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sion of one of the most important states a man who has the intelligence and vision to realize the importance of, and support, such planning as this.

Governor Roosevelt is, of course, not the first New York executive to admit the necessity of planning. By a coincidence, in the same week in which he made his address, former Governor Alfred E. Smith published a syndicated article which was another variation on the same theme. He pointed out the present chaos in regard to the planning and execution of public works, a matter which is of particular importance just now because of the emphasis on such activity to help relieve unemployment. The federal government often buys land on which to erect a public building, and then does nothing more about it for a long period. This might be an admirable policy if the government bought intelligently, obtaining more land than it will actually use, and doing so far in advance in order to be ready to act quickly, buying at low prices and shutting out the private speculator; but such is not the case. The government usually buys at high prices, obtains only as much land as it will actually use, and then lets it lie idle through sheer incompetence. There is a heavy loss of interest on the money thus tied up; there is a further loss because the government continues to pay rent, somewhere else, for the space it needs—often at exorbitant rates which return a profit to the owner of 10 or 12 percent per annum; and the land is withdrawn from local taxation, which curtails the revenue of the municipality in which it is situated. States and municipalities are guilty of similar stupid practices; nor is this the whole dismal story. Old buildings are often continued in use long after they should, for the sake of efficiency, have been remodeled or torn down. Committees of the Congress or state legislatures, or municipal boards of aldermen, insist on retaining control of details of engineering and architecture about which they know nothing and on which their judgment is therefore valueless. As for "pork-barrel" appropriations, for buildings which are not needed or for those which are twice or ten times as costly as is necessary, this is a sad familiar story which does not need to be repeated here.

Former Governor Smith proposes that this situation be remedied in a common-sense way. He would have federal, state and local-planning agencies which would supervise all such expenditures, to the end that building projects were begun only when necessary, and when once started were intelligently planned and rapidly pushed to completion. These agencies would coöperate whenever necessary, as would often be the case. In particular, they should work together to fill up the valleys of unemployment as smoothly as is possible, not providing simultaneously a glut of work in one community and a lack of it in another.

It is a striking fact that the two public men who are thinking thus intelligently in regard to the need for planning have both occupied the Governor's chair in New York and are both Democrats, one his party's latest presidential candidate and the other with a good chance of being nominated in 1932. We wish we could see more than a coincidence in this, but we are unable to do so. The Democratic party as a whole is no more intelligent on this subject than the Republican party whose faithful shadow it is now trying so hard to be. If Mr. Roosevelt should get into the White House, it would not be because of his sanity in regard to planning but for other reasons the most important of which, as a matter of fact, have little to do with his personal progressivism. If he were President, we might reasonably expect an intelligent application of these ideas on a national scale; but it would be a miracle for which the Democratic party would not be entitled to even one-tenth of one percent of the credit.

A New Deal for Nicaragua?

MUCH SPECULATION has been heard recently as to whether the United States is about to alter its Nicaraguan policy in the direction of a decreased interference with that country. Minister Hanna and General McDougal have been summoned to Washington for a conference with Secretary Stimson, and this is taking place shortly after the present policy of the Hoover administration has again been subjected to drastic criticism, both in the Senate and elsewhere, because of the continuing loss of life in the unsuccessful, unending war between the American Marines and the Nicaraguan "bandits," of whom Sandino is the most important.

That a change in our policy is badly needed has long been apparent; the failure of our present efforts is all too plain. It has been almost four years since the United States intervened in Nicaragua's civil war and undertook the responsibility for disarming Sandino; yet we have failed in the suppression of "banditry" and have been only partially successful in our other efforts. Dissatisfaction with our policy and our actions has increased in Nicaragua until it now embraces nearly all classes. Within recent months Sandino has been more active than ever. In view of the inaccessibility of his strongholds, it is doubtful whether even 10,000 Marines would be able to capture him, any more than General Pershing was able to capture Pancho Villa in Mexico in 1916. The American government had the good sense to withdraw Pershing from Mexico within a year; but it has allowed the campaign against Sandino to drag along indefinitely, without achieving any result except the loss of an unknown number of American and Nicaraguan lives—several hundred at the very least.

A year and a half ago, the United States transferred the burden of the Sandino campaign from the Marine brigade to the Nicaraguan constabulary, the cost of which is borne by the Nicaraguan

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budget, and in which the private soldiers are natives. Nevertheless, practically all of the officers, including the Commandant, are American Marines. These officers control all the munitions in the country, and decline to allow the ordinary population to bear arms. The American authorities have also opposed President Moncada's desire to organize a volunteer army. Thus, although Nicaragua must carry on the war against Sandino with its money and its men, this remains an American war. We insist that it be fought in our own way. Inasmuch as the constabulary is eating up about a quarter of the government revenues, the financial burden is proving intolerable; and to relieve this burden, there is talk in Washington of a loan. Obviously such a proposal is commercially unsound and politically unfair. If Nicaragua needs money to fight Sandino, the United States should pay the bill.

This "bandit" general has repeatedly stated that he is fighting to rid Nicaragua of the United States and that he will stop as soon as we withdraw. Until our government actually attempts to negotiate a settlement upon this basis, it must remain responsible for carrying on a guerrila war that has not only cost many lives but has desolated the whole of northern Nicaragua. It is little short of criminal to refuse to exhaust every possible means of bringing this bloodshed and destruction to an end. The Nicaraguan problem can be settled if the State Department is willing to swallow its pride and admit that the policy adopted nearly four years ago was mistaken. The next few weeks will determine whether the Hoover administration is big enough to look at the Nicaraguan question on its merits and not from the standpoint of our prestige. If the outcome of the forthcoming conference is simply a renewal and extension of the present campaign, it will be high time for the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate—the only body which has the power to take testimony on such a subject as this—to conduct a searching investigation as the basis for a demand for a sweeping change of policy.

The Majesty of the Law

MEMBERS of the legal profession not infrequently express the belief that the general public's respect for the law and the courts is declining, and wonder why this is so. They might find some enlightenment by considering the investigation, just completed in New York City, of the conduct of Magistrate Louis Brodsky.

Magistrate Brodsky was investigated, as the law directs, by the Appellate Division of the New York supreme court, which has the power to remove a magistrate "for cause," and can itself decide, within broad limits, what constitutes such cause. He was charged with engaging in business while a magistrate, and there is no question but that he was extremely active in stock-market speculation and the real-estate business. The law prohibits a magistrate from engaging in any other business while on the bench. The code of ethics of the American Bar Association denounces a judge's gambling on margin, which Brodsky did. Samuel Seabury, the Appellate Division's own referee, in placing before it the case of Brodsky, asked the members of the court to set up a policy in regard to such conduct as his, involving "heavy speculation in the stock market upon the hazard of a flimsy margin," and being "continually and deeply involved in extra-judicial activities for personal gain, necessitating the constant borrowing of money from numerous sources and the frequent kiting of checks. . . ."

In the face of the evidence, four of the five Justices of the Appellate Division held that Brodsky had not "engaged in business," and returned him to his place on the magistrates' bench. Presiding Justice Victor J. Dowling was the one exception; and in writing his dissent he ignored Referee Seabury's request for an expression of what constitutes desirable extra-legal conduct on the part of a judge. He simply observed that Magistrate Brodsky's operations were in fact "doing business," which is forbidden by the law.

Everyone knows that the standards of conduct of New York magistrates have in recent years been deplorably low. The decision of the Appellate Division will do nothing to raise them, and may indeed contribute to keep them on the same level. The New York Evening World suggests that the reason Brodsky was not removed from his post was that the Justices who tried him knew stock gambling was widespread among other New York judges, high and low; they did not dare begin a course of conduct which would depopulate the bench. Certainly their attitude throws a curious light on Governor Roosevelt's recent recommendation that the four Appellate Divisions in New York State be given supervision and control of the lower courts. If the attitude of the Justices who tried Brodsky is an example of the standards of the Appellate bench, it is more in need of a guardian for itself than it is capable of acting as a guardian for others.

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Are Depressions Avoidable?[1]

THE QUESTION which everyone is now asking is one which has puzzled the world's most eminent economists for decades. It is impossible to discuss it briefly without seeming dogmatic or oversimple. To muster the adequate authority, to make the necessary elaborations and qualifications and to marshal the necessary statistics, would be a task for a research staff scouring an encyclopedic literature and pounding batteries of computing machines for years. If we have an excuse for discussing a problem in which the work of scholars is so far inadequate, it may be that we possess the valor of ignorance, and that it will require a high degree of valor to take the action which may lead to a solution.

The classical economists, who elaborated the theory of *laissez faire,* assumed that the normal condition of business was one of wholesome balance. They paid little attention to industrial depressions, since these were thought of as abnormal or unexpected disturbances arising from some deplorable interference with the normal conditions. But contemporary economists, who have made a more realistic analysis of our economic institutions, have discovered that industrial depressions are characteristic of the business order. They are not abnormal or unexpected, but recur with distressing emphasis. They arose with the form of society which developed the technique of money and banking, and in which private enterprise carries on the work of production and exchange. They become progressively more severe with the growth of this order, at least up to a certain point. There is a theory that as the business order matures and settles down, depressions tend to become less violent, but this theory may have to be modified in view of the world's experience since 1929.

A great many leading politicians, business men and bankers talk as if they knew nothing about the matter except the point of view of the classicists. They never seem to expect depressions before they arrive. When a depression comes, they talk volubly about a return to normal. They assume that the depression was caused by some interference with the ordinary processes of business, and that continual prosperity can be assured in the future by preventing such interferences. This point of view is unscientific and futile.

Of a piece with the modern scientific conception of depressions is the view that depression does not stand by itself in the course of events, but is one phase of a continuous sequence, which includes revival, boom and recession. Each of these phases contains the seeds of its successor. Boom leads to recession, recession to depression, depression to revival and revival to boom. This round of phases is called the business cycle. If anything is normal to the business order, it is not a condition of balance or equilibrium, but a condition of disequilibrium, in which we are always about to fall off the tightrope in one direction or another. If we want to abolish depressions, we shall at the same time have to abolish booms, recessions and revivals. The inevitable conclusion from this view is that emergency action, undertaken during a depression and forgotten later, however necessary it may be to relieve misery, is merely locking the garage after the car is stolen, as far as any permanent effect is concerned. Some continuous policy or group of policies is called for.

We must not take the idea of the business cycle too literally. It does not mean that every period of depression is just like every other such period and will last exactly the same length of time. It does not mean that we can predict when the next depression will come. The oscillation of business conditions is irregular, not periodic and predictable like the phases of the moon. Nor does this theory mean that nothing else can affect business except the cyclical forces. We can have depressions like that of 1924, which are identified by statistical charts but which occur in the course of a long period generally thought of as prosperous. Or we can have revivals and peaks in the statistical charts which occur during long periods generally characterized by hard times, like those of the seventies or nineties of the past century. It is by no means certain that the forces behind these longer periods of prosperity or depression are cyclical, that they oscillate in any particular order at all.

It is natural to suppose that if we are to eliminate the business cycle and stabilize industry, we must first discover the cause of the oscillation. When we turn to the economists for enlightenment on this subject, we are confronted with a bewildering array of theories. Thinker after thinker, some of them careful scholars, many more of them mere quacks, have advanced opinions about the matter. There are hundreds of these theories, differing from each other in greater or less degree. They may be classified, as Wesley Mitchell has classified them, in three main groups. Some students have found the cause in a region beyond human control. Among these are Jevons, who supposed that variations in business arise from variations in crop yields,

[1] This article is an abbreviated version of an address delivered to the Conference on Permanent Preventives of Unemployment, held in Washington on January 26 and 27 under the auspices of the Social Justice Committee of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

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which in turn arise from rhythms in solar radiation, Henry L. Moore, who links the rhythms of solar radiation to changes in the phases of the planet Venus, and Ellsworth Huntington, who begins with the sun and ends with changes in human health and attitudes. Others attribute business changes to a rhythm in the emotional states of business men, as does Pigou. The third and largest group finds the causes of the cycle in the operation of economic institutions. In this group are those who talk about overproduction or underconsumption, or the effect of gold, credit and banking policy, or the consequence of savings, like William T. Foster, or inequality in the distribution of income, like Karl Marx or John A. Hobson.

Though, like every other student of the subject, I have my own opinion as to which of these theories contain the largest elements of truth, it would be absurd to pretend that I, or anyone else, had picked a way through all the doctrine and put it together in a final form which was adequately supported by analysis of reliable statistics. Nobody really knows the truth of the matter, in the sense in which scientists know the laws of physics which enable them to build bridges or predict solar eclipses. We are nearer the truth than we were ten years ago, but the various theories remain hypotheses, many of which cannot be tested by objective evidence, some of which are mutually contradictory, some of which may be good accounts of one aspect of a cycle or of one cycle, but not of all, and some of which are merely different ways of describing the same phenomena.

Must we, therefore, fall back on a counsel of despair, and say that nothing can be done until the economists have spent another decade or another century in research and discussion? That would be true if our first supposition were correct, that is, that the cycle has a cause, which must be discovered before a remedy can be prescribed, just as we had to discover the germ which causes diphtheria before we could develop an antitoxin to prevent it. I am going to set forth, however, something which may sound paradoxical, but which I am confident the weight of economic authority will ultimately support. I am going to assert that the business cycle has no cause. And I am going to defend the proposition that our task is not to find a single cause and eliminate it, but to pursue a purpose which is both more simple in conception and more ambitious to execute—that is, to make economic affairs behave in a rational and desirable way.

What can be meant by the proposition that the business cycle has no cause? Let us illustrate by analogy. We say that diphtheria has a cause, since it is a disease of the human body, produced by a specific organism. Normally, the human body exists without diphtheria. The changes which diphtheria makes in it are due to a single variation from normal—the presence of an identifiable germ. Remove the variation, that is, the germ, and you cure the disease. That is what a cause is—a variation occurring independently of other circumstances, the presence of which will bring a definite type of change and the absence of which will prevent the change. But suppose someone were to ask you to assign the cause for the beating of the heart. Is it the arrangement and the energy of its muscles? Is it the control exercised by the nervous system? Is it the way in which the blood circulates? No one of these answers would do. Scientifically speaking, the beating of the heart is not something which has a cause, but the way in which the heart behaves in a living body. The heart is part of a complex, the interrelations of which are necessary for its functioning. No more definite cause can be assigned for its action than the presence of the organism of which it is a part, or of life in this organism.

Now, the business cycle is one of the ways in which the business order naturally behaves; it is not a disease or abnormality caused by the presence of a single hostile germ. You can describe this behavior in hundreds of different aspects; you can elaborate in endless detail the relationship between fluctuations in employment and changes in production, prices, incomes, credit, savings, investment, etc., etc. But you cannot say that any single one of these relationships is the cause of unemployment. The trouble with even the most persuasive theories hitherto set forth concerning the cause of business cycles is that each of them concentrates on one of these aspects or relationships to the exclusion of most of the others. The consequence is that each of the remedies proposed is inadequate to deal with the total situation. Some of the remedies are pure quack medicines, others may do good—though we have little means as yet of knowing how much good.

In one important respect, however, the analogy between the business order and the human body is a most imperfect one. This very imperfection gives a clue to the solution we are seeking. The human body is a high type of organism, with a natural equilibrium in its processes. But the business order is scarcely an organism at all; at best it is a low type of organism, a complex characterized in large degree by disorder and lack of balance. Its action is anarchistically determined by the choices of hundreds of thousands of theoretically independent cells. Each person or business concern decides how much to spend and how much to save. Each decides what to buy and what to do with the savings. Production, investment, credit, prices, wage payments and all the rest are the result of countless choices in countless places. Each choice is, to be sure, largely determined by the conditions produced by all the other choices, but few of them are made on the basis of adequate information and foresight, and almost none of them depends on a plan or policy related to the common interest. If we are to think of the business order as a body, we must think of it as a body without a brain. We have magnificent muscles in our great industrial plants,

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efficient arteries in our railroads and highways, sensitive nerves in our lines of communication. But we have only a trace of gray matter in our economic cranium. If our economic leg muscles decide to run after a butterfly and our arm muscles are intent on picking wild flowers at the very time when our stomach is crying for bread and butter, we ought not to be surprised by the resulting hunger. We should not be so surprised if we had a brain.

Economists can point out dozens of examples of such crazy behavior in the business order. We speculate by buying securities for the rise, borrowing money to do so at a higher rate of interest than the securities yield or can reasonably be expected ever to yield. We float bond and stock issues to furnish capital for industries which are already overexpanded in relation to any predictable demand for their products; we lend money to foreign governments which are clearly on the high road to bankruptcy. We increase protective tariffs against imports, while striving to enlarge exports and at the same time collect reparations and war debts. We enhance the ability to produce goods per man-hour of labor by an average of at least 3 or 4 percent a year, and expect these goods to be consumed by wage earners, the purchasing power of whose wages advances on an average of not more than 1 or 2 percent a year, and by farmers whose purchasing power actually declines. We invest in new capital goods without saving to pay for the investment, or save without investing in new means of production. Great corporations, whose surplus profits are so large that they cannot profitably employ them in increasing their production of goods, lend these funds to enable persons to speculate in the stocks of these same corporations, on the assumption that their markets for goods are unlimited. Why are all these things, and hundreds of others like them, done? Not because the obviously crazy results are sought by the individuals who do them. Only because each individual, acting in his own immediate interest, either does not foresee or has no reason to care greatly about what the total result will be.

The major task of our civilization is to create a brain and a coördinating nervous system for our economy. It is to organize our great economic organs. The need of doing so has, indeed, been seen for so long by a few, and is now being declared by so many, that to say this is almost trite. The difficulty is not so much to appreciate the need as to know just how it can be met.

If we are ever able to relate our economic activities to a policy carried out through careful planning and expertly devised control, a policy whose purpose is to produce the greatest possible amount of wealth, satisfaction and leisure for everyone, at the least possible sacrifice, we shall no longer have the business order as we know it. We shall have achieved a higher type of economic organism, one with a brain and nervous system, one which does have a natural equilibrium. The business cycle will have disappeared with the old business order, or will have become only barely traceable. We may utilize a large number of the devices hitherto recommended by the various theorists; we shall undoubtedly discard some of them. We shall have abolished unemployment by a process of envelopment. I do not believe there is any other way to abolish it.

GEORGE SOULE.

In a subsequent article a specific program for creating a brain for the economic order will be discussed.—THE EDITORS.

Communists and Cops

THE COMMUNISTS have announced their intention of leading a "Hunger March" on January 20. The city administration has agreed to receive a delegation at City Hall, but has not unreasonably refused a request to allow the Communists to make speeches from the steps.

In consequence, from ten o'clock on, a cordon of two hundred policemen are on guard around City Hall and the little park in front of it. You can't get anywhere near the building without running the gauntlet of the cops and presenting unimpeachable credentials. It is like some scene on an old-fashioned German parade grounds. The only human figures in the park are the immobile policemen, equestrian and on foot, with their blue coats and flat blue military caps and the great snow-white booby Civic Virtue with his thick trunk and his sulky Irish face, trampling on confused female bodies.

About one o'clock the Communists arrive, and the demonstration which has caused the city administration to fortify itself as if for a siege, commences. The demonstration consists of making speeches and of marching around City Hall Park. A good many of the Communists are Jews and some are Negroes—they are mostly small scrubby zealous people wearing red neckties, red hats or red dresses: there are a good many women with glasses. They have also recruited from the employment agencies and the breadlines a considerable number of seedy unemployed, Negroes, micks, old men, anomalous, miscellaneous people whom they have been able to persuade to take part in the demonstration as a means of getting unemployment insurance.

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They carry placards: "We Want No Charity," "No Evictions for the Unemployed," "We Demand Armories and Public Buildings for the Unemployed." They concentrate at the foot of the park opposite the Federal Building, and speakers get up on the iron dustbins. A crowd gathers—the newspaper photographers climb on the roofs of the Coca-Cola and Orange Drink stands on either side and dominate the scene with their cameras.

The first speaker is a young Negro named Newton, the editor of the Communist Negro paper and secretary of the League of Struggle for Negro Rights, who was one of the Communists arrested last May in Atlanta for circulating radical leaflets. Newton had never been in the South before: he is an educated Negro from Boston. Some years ago, while working in a hotel, he got a two-weeks' vacation and arranged to go to a Y. M. C. A. camp; but when he arrived there, they wouldn't have him and gave him his money back. Later on, he met a Negro Communist, who told him that the Communists were out to abolish race discrimination, and joined the party. Like many of the Communist leaders, he is fine-looking, with large sensitive black eyes, skin closer to coffee than mahogany and a thick but straight and rather unnegroid nose. He is almost immediately joined by other speakers, among them a Negro of a quite different type, blacker, with a round face and an old soft hat, whose voice sounds falsetto above the rest. Speaker after speaker leaps onto the dustbin until there is only a babel of yelling—then speechmaking is given up: the group on the dustbin begins rousing the crowd with methods like those of college cheerleaders—"We—want—*work-or-wages!* We—want—*work-or-wages!*" The harsh fanatic rhythm goes on and on—the people in the crowd get caught up into it and begin to shout with the leaders. The street is packed and impassable, and now the crowd is packing the road. The taxis and the mail trucks can't get by, and the police decide to break things up. Coming behind the speakers' stand, they push the people along the sidewalk. "Oh-oh!" exclaims a gaping bystander. "He's hittin' 'em on the head!" From the road a mounted policeman starts out to ride into the crowd. As he does so, he screws up one side of his mouth: he is a clean-cut young man with his mind on holding in his horse. He scarcely does more than turn the horse's head in the direction of the overthronged sidewalk and go through the motions of riding into it. "That's right!—go after 'em!" a young man among the bystanders eggs him on.

The crowd becomes liquefied and begins to move. A nice-looking boy of about ten, Comrade Charley, a Young Pioneer from Brighton Beach, wearing an old red-plaid mackinaw, shouts from above the heads of the crowd with a voice that sounds strangely fresh and vigorous amid the systematic shouting of the grown people. He is being carried on the shoulders of a very tall Negro, another worker in the League of Struggle for Negro Rights, who has recently served a sentence of three months for breaking up an anti-lynching meeting of the Pullman porters' association: the Pullman porters' association are socialists but, according to the Negro Communists, on the right side of white respectability, and guilty on this occasion of deliberately suppressing the evidence in regard to the lynching of a Pullman porter in Georgia.

The demonstration pushes slowly around the park. "Aw, that's a lotta——!" yells one of the spectators. "Oh, yeah?" retorts a fierce little Communist. "What the hell do you know about it?"—"We want bread!" another Communist is declaring—"Try and get it!" says another spectator, grim but sympathetic. A very shabby Jew of mature age who speaks English only very thickly distributes leaflets on unemployment insurance and repeats conscientiously again and again: "Dis has got to become a law vedder de bosses like it or not!" The police watch from behind the iron posts that prevent people from driving in to City Hall: some are Negroes, brought down from Harlem for the occasion, but they have almost the same Prussian military stature, the same square faces and mail-slot mouths as their white fellows. The policemen seem to fall into two classes: the husky good-natured kind who accomplish their disciplinary duties, though with satisfaction, without heat, and the more stupid staring-eyed type hired frankly as mobilizable brutes. Some of these are evidently Jews, specially provided like the Negroes to deal with agitators of their own race. In any case, the police offer a curious contrast to everybody else present: if the Communists seem mostly stunted, the office workers out for lunch are hardly better; and the cops seem the only healthy full-sized people and the only people decently dressed in these choked-up streets of milling human beings, bewildered, determined, half-scared, or angry at not being able to get more quickly to their destinations, but all looking undersized, undernourished, dingy-featured, drearily dressed. Only when the Communists sing "The International" or a Communist song to the tune of "John Brown's Body" is one aware of any capacity among them for normal human enthusiasm or warmth.

> It's the final conflict!
> Let each stand in his place!
> The International Soviet
> Shall be the human race!

The bald words, the banal tune, for all they have come to mean that the anthems of nations are ceasing to mean, lift the heart as the marching Communists raise their arms and wave them to the refrain. Some of the leaders have themselves carried on the shoulders of their companions and try to revive the "We want work or wages!" cry. All around them under the gray winter sky rise the high ugly walls of the buildings of downtown New York, keeping the marchers, the crowd and the

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traffic crammed into the tight little space, the only open space at this end of the island, between the buildings and the rigorously guarded park: the men's-wear shops, Schrafft's soda fountains, Liggett's drug stores and cafeterias of Nassau Street and Broadway, the rusty green dome of the World Building, the green trimmings on dingy red brick of the Sun Building, topping their awkward perpendicular fragments still standing narrow and precarious from the last century as if the structure they were to have belonged to had never been finished, a corner with cheap chop-suey signs over cheap investment-loan signs, a brick office building from whose flat cold red every suggestion of color seems to have departed beyond any possibility of revival by the sun, the somewhat handsomer gray cliff of the Woolworth Building eroded and lined like a giant butte and diminishing in tiers toward the top, the squashed-out, square-sided dome of the Federal Building spotted with little portholes like moles above a vast bulk of gray machine-made public dignity. In that cramped and inhospitable arena, the Communists produce simply confusion—a confusion which gets worse and worse. From the other side of the park, a dreadful woman's scream is heard.

In the meantime, the delegation, under police escort, has been presenting its demands at City Hall. The Mayor is sick in bed—according to the Communists, afraid to face them and malingering—and they are received by the incomparably affable Mr. Kerrigan. F. G. Biedenkapp, the principal spokesman, demands unemployment insurance, free gas, electricity and coal and no evictions for the unemployed, and free clothing and food for their children, reduced rents, the throwing open of vacant apartments and public buildings and the use of schools and public halls for meeting places, the distribution of unemployment relief through a board composed entirely of workers and Communists, which shall also take over all the employment-agency work now being done by the State Labor Department, the Y. M. C. A. and all the other organizations, no discrimination between workers because of race, color, nationality or sex, and the immediate release of comrades now in jail as a result of previous demonstrations. To this Mr. Kerrigan replies that "the city is constituted according to law and a number of your demands would be illegal if carried out," that "if the city officials tried to carry them out they would be immediately removed," that the city officials are contributing out of their salaries for unemployment relief, that the city employment fund is to be increased, that the city is going to try to bring pressure to bear at Albany to amend the law so as to make it possible to stop evictions, that the city has set up a free employment agency which will have the effect of suppressing the private agencies and eliminating "the deception and dishonesty practised by some of them," that the Board of Education is already doing what it can to feed the children of the unemployed. "I don't want to say," he concludes, "that if you don't like it here, you can go back to Russia, because many of you were born here—but I will say that I will pay the full fare, one way, of any ten of you who want to go there. That is about all we can do under the present system." F. G. Biedenkapp, in reply to this, declares that the committee is "entirely dissatisfied with your explanations and excuses"—and the Communists, under escort, withdraw.

Once outside, they make haste to climb on the statue of Benjamin Franklin just below the Sun Building and shout that their demands have been refused: "We saw the acting mayor and told him our demands and he said that it was against the law to grant them. The unemployed workers must change the laws!" This is a signal for the demonstration to swarm. They hang their placards all over the statue, which stands with a discolored green bronze crown, with one hand extended as if in patriarchal blessing, and at its feet a garland of large funereal wreaths presented by the Sons of the American Revolution. Comrade Charley, full of pep in his red mackinaw, climbs up on to the great bourgeois's shoulders and displays a placard which says: "We Demand Free Food for Our Children!" A crowd gathers on the opposite curbs. The statue stands on a little lozenge of pavement between Nassau Street and Park Row and is so situated that any disturbance around it causes a maximum jam of the traffic to and from Brooklyn Bridge: the Communists have picked a strategic point for obstructing the downtown life of the city. Taxis bawl and street cars clang—curious office workers overflow the sidewalks, asking one another what is going on. Somebody from a high floor of the Sun Building drops a paper bag full of water down upon the crowd around the statue; it comes apart in the air and people watch the whirl of water fall.

The police decide to put an end to the demonstration. They force their way into the crowd and begin pulling down the placards and the speakers from the statue. An unintelligible melee ensues. The Communists flee before the police and the bystanders get mixed up with them. One has a glimpse of a last indomitable speaker with a wild livid insane face still vituperating alone on the statue—a second later he has disappeared. People yell, "Look out!" Mounted cops begin galloping along the sidewalks and everybody runs in terror before them, demonstrators and innocent pedestrians both. A Communist, grabbing apples from an unemployed apple-vendor, soaks the policemen with them and finally crowns one of the horses with the crate. Another seizes a horse by the tail—a detective clutches him by the collar and beats him—two women rush to his rescue and almost pull the policeman off his horse. The traffic are sore; the spectators dismayed; the unemployed have scattered like autumn leaves. The Communists rally, shout-

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ing "Close up ranks!" and rush up the entrance of the flat raised tunnel which leads to the Brooklyn Bridge subway, completely filling the wide steps and booing the police as if from bleachers. The police stretch a rope along the back of the park and excitedly patrol the paths. In one place, quite remote from the disturbance, there is a shoe-shining stand, with a row of men peacefully sitting in the chairs and reading the tabloids as they have their shoes shined—but at the sudden appearance of charging mounted cops, they all spring out of their seats simultaneously and leap over the iron fence. A gray flight of pigeons rise from the park, the only free living things in sight. The Communists, routed again from the bridge entrance, shouting "We want bread, not horses' hoofs!" rally around short-lived speakers on the curbs in persistent but ever dwindling groups. A patrol wagon and an ambulance arrive; a stretcher is carried out of City Hall. One reads in the papers the next morning that there are demonstrators with broken arms, teeth knocked out, fractured skulls and all sorts of wounds, an auditor in the comptroller's office with his head cut open against the Municipal Building and a policeman who fell into the hands of the demonstrators in the hospital from having been kicked in the stomach.

The Communists, pursued into the labyrinth of the more than Roman pillars and vaults of the Municipal Building, lurk awhile and then return. Driven down Centre Street, they come back up Elm. Among the passers-by behind the park, a small plump sharp-beaked Jewess in red—great wrath in a tiny body like one of Virgil's bees—wanders all alone shouting, "Down with the police!" At the corner of Centre Street, a little dingy man pauses as a spattering on the sidewalk turns out to be too thick, too red and too profuse for spit—he says in a foolish way to no one in particular and with a combination of surprise and awe: "Blood!"

Now the streets are completely cleared—the suction pumps of the downtown buildings have pulled up their population again. The people are emerging from the subway, going up the steps to Brooklyn Bridge, unimpeded—the taxis drive down to Wall Street, the trucks drive across from the docks. The pretzel man with his basket and the roast-chestnut man have come out. The battle has been completely obliterated. None of these people has even heard of it. Many of the people who witnessed or became involved in it never even knew what it was about. They are neither sympathetic with the Communists nor indignant at them—they are not even indignant at having been chased by the police. They feel no stake in the city as a community and consequently take very little interest in the city administration. If they have jobs in these hard times, they are satisfied to hang on to them, and they have all gone about their business long ago.

EDMUND WILSON.

Problem Children, Inc.

SUSIE and her mother have a Tudor-American house in Brierly Acres, Meadlands' most exclusive "addition." Susie drives a good car, and her trim maids wear mulberry silk uniforms and lace-edged aprons. Susie wishes Meadlands would not call her "Susie." Her frequent articles in The Parents' Guide and in Child Years she signs "Susan Gladys Sprigg." When she is introduced as a speaker away from home she is often called "Doctor Sprigg." But Meadlands knew her before she became a successful racketeer and usually calls her "Susie."

The ample house on a good street, the two maids, the car, the growing reputation, represent so sharp a change from her old life that Susie often feels just such a sense of unreality as must come over Mick the Monk when he dons his dinner coat in his penthouse apartment. For Susie was born in a ramshackle little house in a cindery alley "across the tracks." She grew into a sharp-faced, clever child, who early resolved that she would never work as her widowed mother worked at menial and ill paid tasks. Somehow Susie finished high school, spent two years at the normal school in a near-by town and finally took over the second-grade room in the Wayne Street School. From an ambitious girl of nineteen Susie grew to be a restless, dissatisfied woman of thirty in that same school.

In those eleven years, Meadlands changed from a sleepy country town to a flourishing suburb. City people bought the old houses and "restored" them. The old mill turned into a roadhouse. Brierly's farm became Brierly Acres, with "artistic" homes, a country club and golf links. The shady streets were thronged morning and evening with the cars of commuters.

Susie had no real place in this growing community. She made few women friends and no men friends at all. She was respected as "a good teacher and a fine disciplinarian," but she had no part in clubs or society outside school affairs. She studied at home and went to summer sessions until she had a degree of bachelor of arts in education. She rather enjoyed both her teaching and her studying. She knew she had more than fulfilled her own ambition and her mother's as she climbed steadily from the second to the eighth-grade room and the principalship of the school. And yet she often felt herself "in a rut." Things were infinitely better than in the old days "across the tracks," but "with all my hard work, and mother's, we aren't really getting anywhere," she often told herself.

Then Dr. Kohl came to Meadlands. Susie always says that she "owes everything to Dr. Kohl." She means, of course, Dr. Wolfgang Kohl of Vienna, exponent of "creative psychology." Mrs. Feinbaum, who has the old Wayne place in Mead-

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lands, managed to "get" Dr. Kohl for a Sunday afternoon "at home," to which she invited many city friends and also the members of the Meadlands Women's Club and the officers of the Parent-Teacher Association. Susie will tell you that "Dr. Kohl opened up a new world to us that day." She talked with him after his address, in which he described his methods of dealing with "problem children." He was pleased and flattered by her kindling interest. He felt that she had "a very, very special sympathy with my work." Susie felt so, too. He led her to a divan in the corner of the room, where he sat beside her and talked earnestly in his thick and halting English. Other people stood around them respectfully. For the first time in her life, Susie shared the center of the stage.

Mrs. Feinbaum was delighted, at Dr. Kohl's suggestion, to have room made for Susie in the great man's Tuesday-evening study group in the city. Mrs. Feinbaum was a director of the National Parental Education Society, Inc., which had "introduced" Dr. Kohl to New York. She liked to tell how Dr. Kohl had "discovered" Susie "right here among us. And I believe that some day she will make Meadlands famous. Dr. Kohl himself tells me that she is a genius!"

At the meetings of the study group Susie took a leading part in the discussion. "He is simply wonderful," she told her mother, "and those women sit there like sticks!" Susie loved to develop further the ideas Dr. Kohl suggested, particularly his theories about the sex difficulties of the adolescent. Susie felt light and strangely alive as she and Dr. Kohl went step by step into these problems. Before the meetings were over, Susie had evolved her great plan. She would go to Vienna for six months to study with Dr. Kohl as his "disciple." Then she would return and herself work as a creative psychologist. The world, Susie realized, seeing the women flock to Dr. Kohl's lectures and study groups, "has awakened to the importance of the Child."

Susie came back to Meadlands a new person. She had laid aside the dull clothes in which she had taught so long. She now wore bright, peasant-looking dresses, hand-woven wools and linens with gay embroidery, strange clanking silver jewelry and heavy strings of beads. Her hair was cut very short, combed away from her forehead and ears. She brought back a new way of talking, too, a queer little inflection, a trick with her l's and r's, that gave color and flavor to the simplest thing she said.

Once I read an interview with another successful racketeer (his specialty was trucking, I believe) who said, "Nobody just sits down and invents a racket. The racket kind of starts and if you're lucky you get aboard and go with it." That was the way with Susie's racket. She says, "I *had* to go to Vienna, if it meant using the last cent of our savings. But I never dreamed how the way would open out before me, once I had taken the step."

She began with a mothers' class in Meadlands. It met on ten successive Monday evenings, and the fee for "the series" was ten dollars. Six mothers enrolled. (Now Susie limits her "study groups" to twenty members, and has a long waiting list whenever she starts an elementary, an intermediate or one of her three more advanced groups—"The Pre-school Child," "The Adolescent," "Creative Psychology in Marriage.") Susie illustrated her lectures with "case material from my teaching experience." From the first, the mothers were encouraged to bring "specific problems for round-table discussion."

Mrs. Brown stayed after class one evening to discuss something "confidentially." Susie's last lecture had opened Mrs. Brown's eyes. Mrs. Brown had been studying her little Bobby "with fresh insight" and she was almost sure that Bobby "had developed bad habits." Susie agreed to "go into the problem personally." As one of Dr. Kohl's private pupils, she pointed out, she was of course entitled to charge a hundred dollars for this type of service. "It sometimes calls for repeated conferences and much study—one has to give oneself utterly to such a problem. . . ." But because "we are all neighbors here in Meadlands," Susie would "take on" Bobby's problem for only twenty-five dollars. "I had him in school—I knew there were maladjustments. . . ."

Mrs. Brown secretly felt that Bobby's "maladjustments" conferred a certain distinction on Bobby and his family. She discussed the matter with relish at Mrs. Stein's luncheon the following day.

At the next class meeting, Mrs. Stein described Junior's absent-mindedness. Susie spoke of "jealousy" and "repressions" and said, "I believe we have here the type of problem that can only be dealt with professionally." Mrs. Stein stayed after class. Susie agreed to give Junior "individual attention."

That was the last year that Susie taught in the Wayne Street School. At Mrs. Feinbaum's suggestion the board of education made a new and very special job for Susie: she was to handle the behavior problems from all the Meadlands schools. Susie's salary, in her twelve years of teaching, had climbed from eighty to a hundred and fifty dollars a month. But Mrs. Feinbaum "gave Miss Sprigg to the children of Meadlands for two years," paying her salary of thirty-six hundred dollars a year. Susie was to be supplied by the school authorities with an office, a secretary and a nurse. Meadlands was taking "a long step forward." Susie and Mrs. Feinbaum and the Meadlands schools were written up in The Parents' Guide. Susie was asked to contribute a series of articles on Dr. Kohl's Vienna clinics to Child Years. Susie had six study groups that year and carried a dozen or more "special cases" in addition to her behavior clinic. The editor of the education page of one of the city

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dailies wrote a feature story about Susie and her work. He used with it a picture of Susie at her desk, wearing one of her Vienna dresses and her long silver earrings. Susie was asked to speak before various organizations in near-by suburbs and in the city. Her lecture fee was a hundred dollars "and expenses."

That summer Susie and her mother took a farmhouse in New Hampshire, "among the healing hills and the woods," as Susie described it. Her mother, with the help of a farmer's daughter, tended the house and garden. Susie took to this retreat four "problem children" who required " a new environment." The parents of the children paid Susie fifty dollars per week per child for her four months of expert care. The children came back brown and healthy. The little Fitch girl, who had suffered from "night terrors" following measles and a trained nurse, was "completely normal." Billy Dodd, after a "blocking" that lasted from his sixth year to his eighth, began to read. Junior Stein forgot his "fantasies" and learned to swim. But even the "healing hills" and the expert care failed with the Saunders boy. His black sulkiness and outbursts of temper increased and so did his fondness for inflicting pain on small, helpless creatures. Susie and his mother were sure that he needed only a few more months of "creative psychology," but after a conference with the family physician, Mr. Saunders insisted on placing the boy in a school for "unusual children." Susie regretted this decision. It showed "lack of insight." But she never criticized Mr. Saunders when the "case" was discussed with her. "We cannot expect everyone to understand," she said charitably.

That fall Susie started the Creative Toy Shop. It specializes in "play materials" and "constructive playthings." All the toys are "scientifically designed" and "specially made." Practically nothing in the shop costs less than five dollars. When children are brought in, Susie and the mother stand at one side, watching the child "to see what compels his interest." Often by noticing a child's "occupation" Susie will detect unsuspected "difficulties."

Susie is "breaking in" an assistant at the clinic. After this year, she fears she can be connected with the project only in "an advisory capacity." With her study groups, her "special cases," the shop, her writing, her lecturing, the farm, Susie has "more than I can conscientiously handle." She feels, too, that "some of my children need the touch of Dr. Kohl himself on their lives. . . ." She plans to take "a little group" to Vienna for several months next winter. "Perhaps it will become an annual thing with me."

There are, of course, a few people in Meadlands who say sharp things about Susie and the fees she charges, the prices of her toys, her adroitness in detecting "behavior difficulties" in the children of prosperous parents, and who insist that her "wonderful results with children" are due to time and common sense rather than to "creative psychology." Such critics dare to intimate that when there is "a real problem" Susie's "methods" have no effect—as in the case of the Saunders boy—or even do harm. Anna Lou Robbins, for instance, "ran away" and was "lost" for a week (it meant a wretched experience and much embarrassing newspaper publicity for the parents as well as the child), after Susie "took on the problem" of Anna Lou's mooncalf attachment to her algebra teacher. There are even those who say that Dr. Kohl is no longer as important as he was when he first appeared in this country under a clever manager, that his "creative psychology" and his clinics are discredited in important medical and educational circles. But most people lay such "talk" to jealousy or ignorance. In general Susie is accepted as an authority on the Child and as one of the important people in Meadlands, with a growing reputation in broader fields. Susie is sitting pretty.

BEULAH AMIDON.

Two Intellectuals

THERE are certain superficial similarities in the two personal records[1] before me which I might plead in justification for writing about them together. For example, there is the admiration for Jane Austen which both writers shared. Lord Balfour mentions an infallible test of the popularity of books in his home, and the age at which this popularity began: "The first inference would be based on the amount of 'fair wear and tear' inseparable from the mere operation of turning over the pages; the second on the cleanliness of the fingers by which this operation had been performed. The Jane Austen volumes pass triumphantly through both tests. They are worn; and they are dirty." Norman Hapgood says "Emma Woodhouse made me wish to marry her, or the young lady who had created her; though probably if I had come to my first meeting with Jane Austen through "Pride and Prejudice" instead of through "Emma," my infatuation would have been with Elizabeth Bennett" (sic). Another trait in common is the fondness for games. Balfour, in speaking of his young manhood, says: "It is not too much to say that my life at this time depended largely upon games, and the social accompaniments of games." Lawn tennis and golf were his chief pastimes. Norman Hapgood records with pride his unexpected prowess in baseball as pitcher of the Seal Harbor team in striking out Louis A. Frothingham, captain of the Harvard nine.

The first time I saw Norman he was in tennis flannels. He came to call on an obscure but ambitious sophomore with reference to contributing to

[1] Retrospect: An Unfinished Autobiography, by Arthur James, First Earl of Balfour. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 245 pages. $3.50.

The Changing Years: Reminiscences of Norman Hapgood. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 321 pages. $4.

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The Harvard Monthly. It was the most momentous interview of my life, only to be compared with one thirty years later when Herbert Croly invited me to become a member of the staff of The New Republic. Norman continued to play tennis while he spoke with considerable detachment both of my own abilities and The Monthly, bouncing the balls about my room and adroitly retrieving them from under couch or bookcase. The New Englander noted that the Middle Westerner had manner, but no manners.

A certain carelessness of formality in different ways characterized both men. Balfour was, I believe, always correctly dressed, but usually badly. Hazlitt would have delighted to describe him in Parliament, in his essay on "The Look of a Gentleman," along with his unforgettable portrait of Castlereagh. The English are more patient than we of minor eccentricity. Norman Hapgood was blackballed by a not too exclusive club in Harvard because he had been seen proceeding to Boston with his eyeshade tucked above the brim of his derby hat. I have heard that he was once with a theater party of distinguished people in London, who proved one too many for the fourwheeler, whereupon, in full dress and with top hat, he cheerfully mounted the box beside the driver, "Exactly as Lincoln would have done." I do not know that Mr. Balfour would have done just this, but he tells us of splashing ashore from a boat, in which Mr. Gladstone was a passenger, and running down a railroad track to flag a train to enable the Prime Minister to get to London for a Cabinet meeting.

In my memory, also, the two men are connected by another circumstance which may seem less superficial. Norman Hapgood was a leader in the Harvard of the early nineties, the great years of Eliot's administration, of which he gives an endearing picture. As editor-in-chief of The Monthly, he was the titular successor of the brilliant group which had given such distinction to the magazine that it was catalogued in Poole's Index—Alanson B. Houghton, George Santayana, George Rice Carpenter, Bernhard Berenson and George Pierce Baker. He was liaison officer between students and faculty, through his association with William James, Charles Carroll Everett and Crawford Howell Toy, as well as the younger men, Baker, Santayana and Carpenter. When, therefore, Hapgood announced his discovery of "A Defense of Philosophic Doubt," he gave to Balfour, perhaps, his first actual group of readers in the United States. He afterwards made Mr. Balfour the subject of his first important article, "Mr. Balfour Seen from a Distance," in The Contemporary Review for 1895.

The "Defense of Philosophic Doubt" was a book in the spirit rife in the Harvard of the nineties, which used to be called Harvard indifference. That spirit, Mr. Hapgood explains, was indifference "to mob interests, to victories on the field, to classmates merely as such, to social elections that were badges of popularity *en masse*." It was not indifference to the things of the mind. "It was search into the values of life; crude, of course, but useful without a doubt." No exercise could so feed young intellectual pride as Balfour's adroit criticism of every current philosophic system from Kant to Herbert Spencer. As Hapgood said in his article: "His readers far from seeking the removal of difficulties, revel in them." The fundamental appeal of Balfour, however, he found in "his sympathy with a thing for itself, not for its consequences." Another sentence of Hapgood's article seemed true in the nineties: "It is in England that we see most often the uncompromising critic of the final ends of life in the man who has the keenest taste for the battle about him, and the combination has seldom been seen in so striking a form as it can be seen in Mr. Balfour." This judgment was certainly a recognition of spiritual kinship. I remember Hapgood's enjoyment of Dr. Santayana's account of a scene in the House of Commons, when Balfour, as the new Irish Secretary in Lord Salisbury's government, brought in his coercion bill with a speech which brought the Irish members to their feet with a roar of protest at the end of every sentence.

One of the episodes which Hapgood mentions in his account of Harvard in the nineties is the founding of the Laodicean Club. This was, perhaps, a too conscious attempt to emphasize values as against enthusiasm, but the club corrected its success by ruling that a quorum would be at any time fatal to its existence. At the second, and last, meeting honorary members were elected—Horace, Omar Khayyam, Lucretius on Santayana's nomination and God on Hutchins Hapgood's. I remember that I stood for the right of the great female sex to be represented, the only sex biologically and esthetically considered, and moved and carried the nomination of Lucrezia Borgia. Norman Hapgood named Arthur Balfour, the only living person so honored. Unfortunately, there was no secretary to issue a diploma or even to notify the recipient of this distinction. I have always regretted that Hapgood could not then have quoted Wilfrid Blunt's "Diaries," with the sentence of George Wyndham: "He [Balfour] takes too scientific a view of politics. He knows that there was once an ice age and that there will some day be an ice age again. This makes him indifferent."

Once again, at least, Norman Hapgood wrote of Balfour, in The Dial of 1919, this time with the advantage of personal acquaintance. His title was "Mr. Balfour's Charm," and charm distinguishes the present "Retrospect." This quality appears in the detachment with which Lord Balfour views many things of conventional importance. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, his "Retrospect" closes with 1886, and thus avoids many controverted matters of which we should like his account. It might almost be regarded as a final proof of Lord Balfour's adroit indifference that he died without leaving his personal testimony in regard to the Irish question, the Boer War, the duel with Cham-

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berlain, the collapse of the Tory party, the World War and its settlement, in all of which he had so great a share. On one point his evidence is worth noting: the alleged intrigues of the Tories with Parnell in 1885, which seem to have forced Mr. Gladstone's hand in introducing the Home Rule Bill. Lord Balfour points out that the Tories had really nothing to offer the Irish in the way of trade. This argument, though plausible, leaves one unconvinced. Politics makes strange bedfellows.

A bit of evidence on another important matter is introduced very casually in a sort of appendix chapter on America in 1917. In connection with a private dinner with President Wilson, Mrs. Wilson and Colonel House, Lord Balfour says: "I think the question of the secret treaties was raised by the President after we had left the table. There were no secrets between us then or afterwards on any of the subjects that came up for discussion." The habit of understatement, of personal detachment, of refusal to take himself too seriously, of general indifference, appears often in his "Retrospect." He seems to have bettered the example of his Uncle Robert, Marquess of Salisbury, by a touch of Lord Melbourne. He remarks of his examination in the Moral Science Tripos at Cambridge, apropos of his own plans for philosophic work, "These aspirations, even if known, would not, I imagine, have in the least interested my examiners; nor would their views on such a matter have in the least influenced me." In speaking of Lord Gladstone's defense of his father's course in concealing his conversion to Home Rule during the general election of 1885, he remarks: "Among the courses open to him [Mr. Gladstone], he doubtless thought this was the one least liable to objection. But were I hunting for words that would most fittingly describe it, I have to own that 'square' and 'honest' are certainly not those that would first occur to me." We may regret the loss of much pungent comment in illumination of later events, but as it stands, Lord Balfour's "Retrospect" is sufficient in itself as a portrait of a gentleman, in the gentlemanly tradition of English politics.

Mr. Hapgood's background, pictured in "The Changing Years," offers a great contrast to Lord Balfour's. In place of the dignity and repose of English country life at Whittingehame, we have the rough and tumble of Alton, Illinois. In place of Eton and Cambridge, we have Harvard and its law school. In place of Parliament, London society and English country houses, we have journalism and the theater, politics in New York and Washington, wide association with men and women who shared the American scene in the first third of the century. Norman Hapgood was as fortunate as Lord Balfour in his family—in his father, the gentle, free-thinking Puritan; his mother, who built the culture of the family on Shakespeare, and was equally at home in Alton, Illinois, and on Brattle Street, Cambridge; his brothers: Hutchins, who discovered the Yiddish theater and wrote a series of sociological biographies that were too far in advance of the time to be fully appreciated; William Powers, who carried through the experiment in industrial democracy described in Norman's chapter, "Happiness for All."

It was a declaration of independence which had repercussions on our generation when Norman Hapgood, after a distinguished career at the Harvard Law School, took himself out of the office of the leading law firm in Chicago and went to work as a reporter for The Chicago Evening Post. To throw over a career with certain prospects, to defy all rules of prudence, to disappoint expectation, was an act of courage rarer, I think, in those days than now. It was certainly a result of the association which he noted in Balfour, of uncompromising criticism of the final ends of life with keen taste for its battle. On The Chicago Post, The Milwaukee Sentinel and The New York Evening Post, Hapgood won the triumphs of the reporter, still dear to his heart. As dramatic critic on The New York Commercial Advertiser he entered the world of the theater, which occupies the longest chapter in his book and perhaps in his mind. Incidentally, he carried dramatic criticism in America to a higher plane. As editor of Collier's and later of Harper's Weekly and Hearst's Magazine, he took part in the crusade against such abuses as the scandals of society journalism, patent medicines, and graft in national administration. He was manager of John Purroy Mitchel's successful campaign for Mayor of New York. He was adviser to President Wilson and helped to found the Foreign Policy Association. He was Minister to Denmark, sent particularly to watch the experiment in Soviet Russia. All this Hapgood lived, and now recalls, with abundant zest in the game. Throughout this experience he had the stimulus of many contacts with all types of human genius—President Eliot, William James, Mark Twain, Justice Brandeis, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, William Gillette, the Russian Art actors, Roosevelt and his supporters, Wilson and his Cabinet—it would take pages to name them all. To some readers their mention will seem like egotism. Egotism it is, but not of a vulgar sort. It is clear that Hapgood's mind is fixed on what these people meant to him, the enrichment they brought to his experience, not on superficial pride in their acquaintance.

There are, in Mr. Hapgood's book, sidelights on important events, also too numerous to record. His connection with the attack on Taft's administration and the rise of the progressive movement was close. It was as attorney for Collier's that Mr. Brandeis made the discovery that the report that went out of Attorney General Wickersham's office exonerating Ballinger had been pre-dated. "Misdating a document with intent to deceive in some jurisdictions is held a form of forgery"; but with a blandness which Lord Balfour could not have bettered he remarks, "It merely shows how differently honor-

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able men may think, one from another." His evidence as to the State Department's handling of relations with Russia, gathered while Minister in Copenhagen, is part of that continued story of prejudice and ineptitude. When he sent unwelcome information, he received the stiff reply that the Department would "continue to be animated by zeal against Bolshevism."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Washington Notes

The Wickershambles—Meat for the Democrats—Why Presidents Grow Gray—What Will Curtis Do?

DURING the past week there have been so many interesting developments resulting from the Wickersham report that it is not possible to cover them all. Other things have been going on, but nothing else is really talked about. Everything else is merely momentary and spasmodically interesting, this being due, of course, to the realization that in the campaign next year the subject of the report—prohibition—will blanket all other issues, principles and policies, including the personalities of the candidates.

One outstanding feature of the present situation is the comparative caution with which the Democrats in the Senate have handled the report. One expected them to seize upon it, and roar furiously and indefinitely, tearing the Commission to pieces and denouncing the whole document as a fraud and a sham. There was a little of this, but it did not come from the more responsible members of the party. I have reason to believe that this caution is more or less calculated.

One thing that has prevented a general Democratic denunciation of the report was the evident distaste Mr. Hoover has for it, as evinced in his remarkable letter of transmission. From the Democratic point of view, the report must necessarily be meritorious if he repudiated it, whereas a rejection would be to agree with him. Then, too, the Wet Democrats found so much in the document to their liking that the tendency among them was to accept it. On the other hand, Dry Democrats from the South and West were silenced by the chorus of approval that arose from the organized Dry forces upon which they count for support.

The political reasoning of the Democrats who have most to do with framing party strategy, as expressed to me by one of the most conspicuous of them, ran somewhat along this line—prohibition is politically the most explosive problem in the country. The Democrats have always been deeply divided on it and any open discussion in the Senate is sure not only to reveal the rift but to widen it. For the first time the Republican party is dangerously split over this issue, with both elements in a turmoil. Hoover's stand has enraged his party people in the big Wet and pivotal states. He is in a hole from which he cannot emerge without damage. Clearly the part of wisdom for the minority party is to avoid any controversy among themselves, profit by the predicament of the Republicans, or, in a word, keep quiet on this subject. There are plenty of other things to talk about.

Such is the Democratic leaders' advice. It explains, I believe, the relatively mild treatment the report has received in the Senate and also the failure of the Democrats to support the Tydings resolution to haul the Commissioners before a Senate committee. They have not been able to restrain some of the more irresponsible among them, but it is significant that as a party the Democrats have found no real fault with the report, but have restricted their comment almost entirely to the curious features of the misleading summary and Mr. Hoover's extraordinary attitude, which for sheer ineptitude should be awarded the 1931 prize. There is also the rather far-sighted intimation that the Democrats in their 1932 platform may adopt the revision recommendations of the majority of the Commission. At any rate they are sure to incorporate a considerable amount from its amazingly graphic and devastating statement of conditions under prohibition and the unenforceable nature of the law. The Wettest candidate they have can stand on that, and if it suits the South, as seemingly it does, the report is really ideal for Democratic purposes next year. Summing it up, the astute Democratic leader with whom I talked says, "It's a better report for us than it is for them. Why should we kick it around?"

Getting away from this depressing theme and turning to lighter matters, an interesting rumor flying around here at present is that the great constructive statesman upon whose advice the administration so singularly fails to rely, Vice President Curtis, will not be a candidate for renomination next year, but will be a candidate for the Senate from Kansas. Though of course no one but Mr. Curtis himself could verify this rumor, still the suggestion is generally discussed and it certainly seems both logical and plausible.

Two reasons are given why Mr. Curtis should contemplate this course. One is the conviction that, inasmuch as Mr. Hoover is in a position this time to select his own running mate, he will select someone else. He will not—as he did at Kansas City—permit the Republicans to force him to accept a running mate whom he did not want and one who lent no strength to the ticket. If Mr. Curtis realizes the full truth of this fact, he could find no better reason for running for the Senate against McGill, the Democrat who was elected for the two-year term last November, and who defeated that unfortunate but unquenchably cheerful friend of "The Chief," Henry T. Allen.

But there is another. Mr. Curtis, being an exceedingly practical and experienced politician, does not, it is said, consider the chances of reëlection as Vice President at all good. Mr. Curtis, viewing the condition of the Republican party, knowing the inflamed state of the farmer's mind toward the administration, appreciating the tendency during hard times to vote against the party in power and believing Mr. Hoover to have lost much of his personal prestige and popularity, may conclude that 1932 is no time for a man who wants to stay in public life to run on the national Republican ticket. Considering these points, plus the fact that he is naturally reluctant to close a political career that has stretched unbrokenly over nearly two generations, it is certainly not surprising that the senatorial, rather than the

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vice-presidential nomination, should have the greater appeal for Mr. Curtis. What is more, there is no doubt in the world that he can win both the nomination and election as Senator from Kansas.

Of course, Mr. Curtis would give up with great reluctance the notion of holding the vice presidency—and so would his sister, Mrs. Gann. Few men have enjoyed the dignity of the position more than he. It will be painful for him to remove himself from the chance of becoming President through an Act of God, which chance always buoys up the Vice President in his darkest moments. However, Mr. Curtis is nothing if not practical. Those who know him best and have served with him longest believe that weighing the chance of becoming President against the double chance of being dropped from public life, Mr. Curtis will not take the risk involved in renomination. However, it will be interesting to watch him. The rumor may be unfounded, but it is plausible.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Little Asides: I

ACCORDING to the accounts of her friends, there was a considerable interval after her arrival in this country when the fortunes of Madame Eugénie Leontovitch were far from flowery. But now, with such a play as "Grand Hotel" and in such a part as that of the pathetic Russian dancer, she has a glorious chance, and gloriously has risen to it. She has been acclaimed by many as the greatest actress of the season; at least I think so—it is more than two months now since she first appeared and I have heard of no other greater actresses since then.

"Grand Hotel" is a capital melodrama, engagingly episodic, agreeably moving, skillful, and varied in appeal. The little dancer, dragged like a doll from place to place by her manager, living an empty life, melancholy, ephemeral, makes a pitiful figure. The man she falls in love with in her hotel room has really come there to rob her, and then, when they do feel sure of one another's love, he is killed while trying to steal enough money to follow her to her next town. The last we see of her, she is being led away to the train early in the morning, frail, slight, like some chic puppet, thinking all the while that her lover, dead in the room upstairs, will meet her on the train, according to his promise.

Madame Leontovitch plays the part sympathetically, poignantly, with the right exoticism and delicate, capricious temperament. Hers is a case of the most fortunate casting, however; she easily becomes in our eyes the very woman she is supposed to be. And just how good an actress she is we cannot say until we have seen her in other roles somewhat farther, perhaps, from herself. We can, nevertheless, say that, without necessarily being phenomenal or superior to a good many other actresses, perhaps, to be found in Russia, she has lovely qualities as an actress and an appeal and persuasion very strong and securely theatrical. That does not alter the fact that the two chief causes of the great success of her performance are her foreignness, or difference, and her movement, or dance.

That all acting is one way or another based on dancing ought to be obvious to everyone. The dance will appear in the external quality, posture and changing line, with its rhythm, timing and continuity. Or, in acting that is almost wholly cerebral or conversational, it may transfer itself to the mind as M. Matisse means when he speaks of singing while he works, in order to catch the right rhythm in some figure painting. The flowing sequence, the balance of parts, the continuity of rhythm appear not in visible acting terms, but in terms of thought and feeling.

But above this movement, even, comes the foreignness in this actress' performance. She is not imprisoned in that bound and arid staleness in which our young actresses disport themselves. They are realistic, in the sense that they resemble the prose of every other person we see in every other place; they do nothing very different from any of us. A little timing, a little display of familiar emotion, and a good deal of being their own selves for our benefit, and we have seen their full bent as artists. They are like everybody; everybody feels at home with what they do. We see no difference from ourselves to cause our resentment, and we are apt to envy them not so much for any art as for their success. Even if they could move like Madame Leontovitch they would not do it, not unless they were given this role of a Russian dancer to portray, and even then they would be as familiar and plain as possible in such a role. In sum, Madame Leontovitch's stage movement is a part of her foreignness; she is not only able to move thus and to be thus different from us; she is willing to do so.

The joke and sarcasm of the whole matter is that, now that we have got our actors as tame as can be, as much like everybody else as will leave us hospitable to them and keep democracy safe, we snatch at any bit of change that we can find. It is the same old story, give the people what they want and they don't want it. They are anxious for something they would never have agreed to endorse.

And yet you cannot blame our actors. Acting follows the drama it creates, as everyone knows; styles in acting are dependent on styles in drama, which must always precede. The plays that our young actors grew up on are for the most part mere journalism, prose amusement or the old Broadway game. There may be capital roles in these plays, in which an actor's talent may abundantly appear; but, outside of a few manipulations or tricks, not much opportunity or demand for technical exercise is to be found in them. And when, now and then, a play is to be done in which style and form are to be stressed, there is almost nobody to teach the actors how to set about their study, no tradition, nothing in the air for them to gather more or less unconsciously. Among all our younger actors —and most of the rest—though there is plenty of talent, numerous agreeable personalities and some shrewd performers with good popular eyes and ears, there is not one whose movement could be called beautiful or expert. And the appeal of them all is easy and popular, not strange, poetic or different, not tinged with any living other than the daily prose of men, not special, not remote, elusively magnetic or subtle. In the whole list how many are there whom you think of with pleasure afterwards because of any fine phrasing, in dialogue or movement?

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Their excellencies are solid, recognizable, engaging, everyday. Around them the world of fine memory and transmutation dies as they present their adequate journalism, their personal emotions, their unconscious concession to the general. Some of these actors of ours arrive at notable powers; are really good. In such cases we must take them for what they are, with their peculiar excellencies, and not expect many of those qualities that will linger in the mind afterward like music or fine design, that will enrich the texture of their art, that will delight our taste and extend our response as we see the performance, detail by detail, carried through to its complete articulation. I doubt if many of our actors would even suspect the existence of a problem in the line of the wrist that Lady Macbeth needs to find in the sleep-walking scene, where the motive of washing her hands appears. And if some actress, Duse for instance—who only after long waiting, we are told, found what she wanted for that instant—did present that motive with some subtle physical perfection, I doubt if many of us would see what had been created and exhibited. With us it is all more naïve, innocent, unimagined and jealously uniform.

The whole case appears more tangibly in the matter of make-up. After all, there may be plenty of good acting, lively, intelligent, magnetic, however lacking it may be in glamorous rhythm, strangeness and a kind of total diversity from what is familiar and expected. But make-up is a colder fact. Mild, prose make-up, merely looking like oneself by touching up one's face for the stage lighting and theater distances, we have; it is not very different from the arts of the beauty parlor. Not even that is within the compass of a good many of our actors, especially the younger ones, a number of whom only mess themselves up or let the business of make-up take its place among those artificialities and hokums that in these days we have brightly gotten over. But there is not an actor on our stage who is master of make-up in the finest sense, that laborious, underpainted, modeled statement of the features, based on an exact knowledge of one's mask and its characteristic planes and possibilities, and created by means of an expert use of the make-up box. We have not an actor who knows more than a tenth part of make-up as practised by the company of the Moscow Art Theater, for example, or by a Chinese actor like Mei Lan-fang.

We have spoken so far only of the make-up that is realistic, the achievement of the face, type, character desired for the role in hand. When it comes to style in make-up, make-up that is realistic, make-up that is formal, grotesque, futuristic and so on and so on, according to the essential quality of the play or the production in which it is to be a part, our theater knows practically nothing at all. One thinks of make-up in general only when one reaches one's dressing room and smells the grease paint.

If this were not so, the opening of the school of make-up by Madame Tamara Daykarkhanova and Mr. Akim Tamirov, once of the Moscow Art Theater, would have already set all our stage by the ears. Stanislavsky said that "even for the most brilliant and talented actor his outward appearance, namely make-up and costume, have enormous significance and constitute half his success."

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Position of the Progressive

SIR: Mr. Edmund Wilson's proposal in your columns that the liberals take away Communism from the Communists was something of an event and, in its way, a genuine sign of the times. The current American progressivism or liberalism, or at least that which has been current for the last generation, is pretty plainly played out. The times are sick for lack of an adequate philosophy which, on its economic side, must be a philosophy of planned production and distribution. American progressivism never has had such a philosophy and never has been able to cut itself clear from the dead weight of a retrogressive longing to go backward to a simpler type of capitalism, to unscramble the eggs and to restore an era of economic individualism. Too often it has encouraged the illusion that big business was bad, but little business good. From this and certain other points of view, Mr. Wilson's declaration is to be hailed and his support is to be welcomed.

But may I respectfully remind Mr. Wilson and your readers that there is nothing new about a frank attempt to set up collective ownership for the common good. It has been and is the constant effort of the Socialist party. If I understand Mr. Wilson's position, the logic of it ought to lead him and others of like mind to come to the help of the Socialist party. They will be received as comrades.

I am aware that in certain liberal circles there is a conscious or a subconscious disposition at all times to disparage the Socialist party. Much of this, I think, rests on ignorance of what the party is and what it is trying to do. Some of it rests on the critic's opinion of the weakness of the Socialist party. That weakness has been a fact. I do not think it will be overcome by any sudden alchemy of new names or new organizations. The process of working out and applying great ideas always involves a certain amount of painful effort, which some critics of Socialism would understand better if they would seek to share it instead of viewing it from Olympian heights.

But, perhaps, Mr. Wilson has his own reasons for ignoring Socialism. Communism sounds more exciting. Does Mr. Wilson want to take away Communism from the Communists only in the sense of changing and enlarging the personnel of Communism? Or has he, perhaps, a verson of Communism which does not accept the inevitability of large-scale war, the necessity for dictatorship, the folly of any trust in civil liberties and the bourgeois nature of what is commonly counted fair play? If so, Mr. Wilson's communism will not be Communism. I think Mr. Wilson ought to give us more light on this all-important matter of means and method. Certainly we need that additional light before we can give Mr. Wilson's proposal the attention it may deserve. And in giving us this additional light, may I suggest to Mr. Wilson that the economic background of capitalism, which he almost ignored, is even more important than the cultural background which he discussed so admirably.

New York City. NORMAN THOMAS.

SIR: It has been a long time since I got as much pleasure out of a magazine as I did from the issue of The New Republic for January 14, in which I witnessed an event for which I have longed, but hardly dared hope—an exalted high-brow editor of The New Republic announcing his acceptance of the Socialist program. Glory be to Karl Marx; and welcome to Comrade Edmund Wilson! . . .

One of your contributors wrote a piece about me a year or two ago, in which he rebuked me for not having changed my ideas for thirty years. That sounded like a grave omission on my part; but there was a possibility which apparently had not occurred to your contributor—that the ideas which I adopted thirty years ago might have been the right ones. It now begins to appear that this is the case; for the ideas which Comrade Edmund Wilson now announces in The New Republic are identical with those which were announced by me in Collier's Weekly in the year 1904.

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They were as true then as they are now; and they will be equally true in 1964. There are only two methods by which the production of the world's wealth can be handled. The instruments and means of production can be owned by private individuals, and used competitively for private profit; or they can be publicly owned, and used coöperatively for social profit. The fruits of the former system are what you behold: poverty, unemployment, crime, war and revolution; while the fruits of the latter system will be peace, prosperity and happiness for all mankind.

The proposal that you progressives shall "take over" this program of the Socialists does not inspire us with any feeling of possessiveness. The business of persons with ideas is to have them "taken over" by as many persons as possible; and no one will be welcomed into the Socialist movement more heartily than the editors of The New Republic, either individually, or collectively in their high official capacity.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Pasadena, Calif.

SIR: One statement in Edmund Wilson's fine paper, "An Appeal to Progressives," struck me as being particularly and significantly true; that is, that the working classes are as interested in the Russian experiment, and are as fully aware of its tremendous implications, as the intelligentsia.

Recently a sister visited at my home. Her husband is a railway machinist in a small Missouri town. In discussing unemployment I mentioned the fact that there is virtually no unemployment in Russia. To my great surprise, for she reads comparatively little and in no sense is a student of world economic conditions, she manifested a knowledge of Russia approximating my own. Furthermore, she assured me that others in her circle were observing Russia closely and contrasting the status of working people there with the increasingly precarious situation of working people in this country.

Unquestionably there is a strong undercurrent of unrest among our laboring classes. They are awake to the significance of Russia and all it portends. Unless there is some improvement in the unemployment situation soon, it is my belief that the seeds of discontent now being sown will fructify into convictions that will exercise a profound and far-reaching influence on our industrial and social fabric.

Kansas City, Mo. JOHN H. FREEMAN.

SIR: From the foreword to "An Appeal to Progressives" by Edmund Wilson, I learn that the editors of The New Republic have been chewing the ends of their fingers for several months, cooped up in an office in New York City, and I have harkened with interest to a five-page desperate cry which has finally escaped from one pair of lips.

I suggest that before the rest of the series appears, the offices be moved for a month's sojourn in each of the following cities: Cincinnati, Cleveland, Rochester, Norfolk and Fort Worth. Before that period is over, I will supply you with a list of four hundred other cities, with a combined population of over five millions, in which progressives have found a job worth while, where "blackmailers, thieves and assassins" do *not* dominate municipal life, where racketeering stays within the law and where the politicians, by which I presume you mean the city officials, are not in league with anyone to "steal the public utilities"—the next editorial move to be to whichever city the editors choose.

They would find that all of them have certain characteristics. First, the citizens only elect the representative body and that by a non-partisan ballot; second, the administration is undertaken by trained men who are responsible to the representative body; third, the set-up is so encouraging that discussion is heard that Oliver Twist's method be used—county, then state, and maybe——. Of course they are not solving national problems in these cities, but they are solving all those within their reach—which makes them much more hopeful in atmosphere than Manhattan Island.

WALTER J. MILLARD.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

"That's Where the West Begins!"

SIR: Your recent effusions concerning the Mooney-Billings hearings before the supreme court of our state move me to wonder why you queer fauna in the Greenwich Village zoo always fail to "get" what anything under the sun is about.

We may as well be candid and kindergartenish with you. The reason that Mooney and Billings are in prison is because a majority of the people of the state of California want them there and the supreme court and the Governor dare not disobey that majority.

It is quite beside the point whether or not they are guilty of the particular crime of which they were charged and convicted. The question is: Are Mooney and Billings the sort of people we want to run at large? We have decided this in the negative and we have them locked up. We intend to keep them there, despite all fulminations from Greenwich Village.

Clean out your own sewage. We can take care of our own sanitation.

I. H. SEFTON,
Editor, The Colfax Record.

Colfax, Calif.

For Montenegrin Freedom

SIR: All the ardent and loyal Montenegrin patriots . . . demand today the restoration of their heroic country, Montenegro. They are short of means, but from time to time they publish books and issue other publications by which they express their desire for freedom and national independence. . . .

They are a people without a country, which is . . . a crime on the part of the whole of mankind, and particularly a shame for the Allies in the Great War—whose promises are broken today and whose responsibility for the tragic fate of Montenegro debars them from the guardianship of international justice and of honest diplomatic intercourse between nations.

It is up to America and Great Britain to correct the wrong done to Montenegro at the end of the War, because these two powers can restore Montenegro without bloodshed. . . .

NICHOLAS PETANOVICH NAIAD.

San Francisco, Calif.

International Relations Study Groups

SIR: At the London Conference of Institutions for the Scientific Study of International Relations held in March, 1929, the Council on Foreign Relations was designated as the national center for such organizations in the United States.

In order to assemble accurate and up-to-date information on the work being done in this field in this country, a questionnaire has been sent to each of the organizations now listed at Council headquarters. It is earnestly requested that any organization which has not received such a request send its name and address to the Council at 45 East Sixty-fifth Street, New York City, and a questionnaire will be forwarded promptly.

RUTH SAVORD,
Librarian.

New York City.

Humble Esthetics

SIR: Your anonymous critic in The New Republic of December 24 refers to my recent book "Great Pictures of Europe" as an "humbler" task than my writings on esthetics.

That term is an example of the principal reason why esthetics is in its present lamentable condition. If more writers in that field would lower themselves occasionally to study a concrete work of art, and test their theories upon it, there would be fewer volumes on esthetics consisting of empty verbal abstractions.

To prove by a good American argument that this book is not "humbler" than its predecessor, may I inform you that its price is $3.50, not $2.50 as stated. "Scientific Method in Esthetics" costs only a dollar.

THOMAS MUNRO.

New Brunswick, N. J.

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The Cult of Saki

The Short Stories of Saki (H. H. Munro), with an introduction by Christopher Morley, and a biography of Saki by E. M. Munro. New York: The Viking Press. 718 pages. $3.

IN THE days before Ronald Firbank and Evelyn Waugh, Saki's stories were a source book for the Cambridge wits, who borrowed his epigrams for their luncheon parties instead of a cocktail shaker. In those pleasanter pre-Daily Mail days, when the old Westminster Gazette supported liberalism and literature, his political parodies (collected later in "The Westminster Alice") fluttered and beguiled many a breakfast table. In 1912 came "The Unbearable Bassington," quite possibly his best book, and one of the two wittiest books of the decade—the other is surely "Zuleika Dobson," which had appeared the previous year. In 1913 Saki was asking us to suppose (in "When William Came") that the Germans had already invaded and conquered England. In the spring of 1914—that spring of political wild oats—he was amusing readers of The Outlook with parliamentary proceedings. He led a life of activity, the sort of activity that ended for most men of his class sooner or later in the War. He was killed in action halfway through, in November, 1916, near Beaumont Hamel. While he does not entirely represent his age, we may say that no one reminds us more agreeably of that slightly fantastic period between the Boer War and the first gunshot of 1914 that was to blow it sky-high. What produced Saki, only Saki can now exquisitely reproduce.

It is a political period and a social background that rapidly lost prestige with the War. Asquith and Campbell-Bannerman and F. E. Smith seem already very remote, the great party hostesses and the brilliantly hostile parties are forgotten, little remains now of the silly season of suffragettes and musical comedy and caviar and kings, when all that glittered was as good as gold and is now as good as dead. What the once patrician and opulent vineyard has become (at least as a subject for literature) may be seen in "Those Barren Leaves" and "Vile Bodies." Fatally oxidized in the Oxford manner, the wine of high life has turned to vinegar. But from the general condemnation Saki cheerfully escapes, like Treddleford from the bore, like Matilda from the boar-pig; like all the really amusing people from all Beasts and Super-Beasts, he escapes by his wits, and he continues to live on them, reminding us, by a name or a tune cleverly manipulated, of what we had almost forgotten—as the crazy song, for instance, that all London was singing:

> Cousin Teresa takes out Caesar,
> Fido, Jock and the big borzoi.

We are told how the refrain (with the big-drum business on the big bor-zoi) swept the country like a "Wake Up, England!" how painted wooden dogs appeared on the tables of all the smarter restaurants, how sermons were delivered and articles written about it, how the question of Servia's (sic) outlet on the Adriatic and the possibilities for Britain in international polo were forgotten in the excitement of Cousin Teresa, how finally Lucas Harrowcliff was knighted for having written it, to the indignation of his brother Basset, who had certainly expected to be mentioned in the Honors List for his splendid bit of "empire building"; and infallibly the England of 1912 appears before us.

No one of course ever sang "Cousin Teresa" in London, nor did anything of it ever exist beyond this fragment. It is a crazy fiction of Saki's, and that is near enough to the truth about Saki. He did not trouble to find the song they were singing at the moment, or the conversation, or the people who were making it. He invented them, dozens of names and faces and songs and phrases and situations and stories, that could only have belonged to pre-war England. Wittily and dexterously, and with a pen that never betrayed him, he exploited the vagaries of the ruling classes of the period, inventing the symbols by which their characteristics may now be understood and, as it were, classified. By way of Reginald and Clovis, exquisite town types, and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts (particularly the aunts) up and down the shires and Midlands, he invented an almost inexhaustible supply for the study of British invincibility. The process was fresh to his last days. His last set of tales was written in the trenches, and out of the mud of Flanders was created "The Square Egg," one of the great romances of modern industry.

Naturally Saki could never have made his period so interesting without being thoroughly interested in it, but we may suppose that he knew it better than to believe in it; and besides, his faith in the military and official caste that ruled the first decades of the century, and on which he practised his jokes, was endangered by an ancestral disposition to see through things—a sort of intellectual second-sight that went with his Celtic blood. He was a Macnab on one side and a Munro on the other. The Munros were notoriously a clan of fighters and writers. Hector Munro was eminently both, but each was subjected to his Anglo-Saxon upbringing. The Celtic strain is manifest in the free inventiveness that created a relief world (if we may speak about Saki in terms of such modern jargon) for defensive and offensive purposes out of the active routine of his society. But this Celtic strain, though strong, is not dominant. Whoever is acquainted with Celtic literature knows with what fatality it feeds on its own spirit. Saki's introspection was colored by Celtic mysticism. But his outlook was indomitably Anglo-Saxon, resting on authority and tradition. His father belonged to Indian officialdom, and Hector was born in Burma. He was brought up in the southwest English countryside, with horses, dogs, birds, bridge, hunting and house parties. He went to Bedford Grammar School, but not to either of the universities. His travels in Germany, his police work in Burma, his journalistic correspondence from Russia and the Balkans, his political satires for the newspapers, are characteristically an extension of his social position. He quite definitely accepted the later Victorianism of the Edwardians, without ceasing to be entertained by it.

Such a happy reconciliation of outlook and introspection through witty satire is not new in literature. Congreve, Sheridan, Wilde and Shaw are perhaps familiar reminders that two races are better than one, and Saki finds a slight but unmistakable place in this civil war, so to speak, of verbal wit. Nothing becomes his stories so well as their ending. One remembers the woman who developed a habit of telling the truth. Saki gravely follows her misfortunes to the fatal moment when she appears in the kitchen to say, in a few ill chosen words, that the cook drinks. "She was a good cook, as cooks go; and as cooks go she went."

There is no particular development in Saki's talent, but the Reginald collections (1904 to 1910) are perhaps, and only here and there, a little thin, a trifle conscious of their sartorial and verbal elegance. One may find oneself preferring the Clovis Chronicles, as a collection, feeling that Clovis is a more audacious Reginald, more inventive in his wit, more impertinent in his ironic remarks, more malicious,

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perhaps more impatient (but still how suavely!) with bores and pretenders. It is he who deprecates the sympathy Waldo receives at the notion of his possible death (by wasps' stings): "Waldo is one of those people who would be enormously improved by death." It is in one of his stories that Mrs. Mebberly appears to say that "she loves Americans, but not when they talk French. What a blessing it is that they never try to talk English." But it is difficult to forego any of the varied pleasures of this collection, and impossible to do them justice.

"Beasts and Super-Beasts" gives us Matilda and Vera, the elite of his little girls, with enormous propensities for mischief; it gives us the Duke of Falloden, who was "one of those human *hors d'oeuvres* that stimulate the public appetite for sensation without giving it much to feed on"; it gives us that moment in "The Schwartz-Metterklune Method" when Lady Carlotta (being mistaken for the new governess and deciding to enjoy it) startles her employer, who has had very satisfactory references from Canon Teep, "a very estimable man, I should think," by replying: "Drinks like a fish and beats his wife, otherwise a very lovable character." There is scarcely a story in the collection that is not a little masterpiece in its own right, as well as being part of the general intellectual hilarity that overcame Saki when his Celtic kelpie contemplated the Anglo-Saxon absurdities he loved so well. But if one had to choose, I should mention "Tobermory" (the cat who talked), "The Open Window" (Vera), and "The Secret Sin of Septimus Blope." If none of these makes Saki devotees of our modern book-of-the-month readers then, I suppose, we have lost more than we have gained. The present collection, the first complete collection of the stories, will be a great delight to Saki's friends, some of whom have been faithful to him in their fashion by remembering all of his best *bon mots* without always remembering they were his; it ought to be a pleasant surprise to many new readers.

P. M. JACK.

The State Is Morgan

The House of Morgan, a Social Biography of the Masters of Money, by Lewis Corey. New York: G. Howard Watt. 480 pages. $5.

WHEN J. Pierpont Morgan, father of the present head of the House of Morgan, was under examination in the Money Trust investigation of 1912, he repeatedly revealed that he was incapable of differentiating between public policy and the financial policy of the banking interests of which he was dictator. Indeed, just as Louis XIV identified himself with the State, so did Morgan identify his own interests with the public welfare.

Samuel Untermyer, directing the Pujo Committee's investigation, asked him: "Is not a man likely, quite subconsciously, to imagine that things are for the interest of the country when they are good business?"

Mr. Morgan answered: "No, sir."

"You think you are able to justly and impartially differentiate, where your own interests are concerned, just as clearly as though you had no interests at stake, do you?" persisted Mr. Untermyer.

"Exactly."

We may meditate upon these extraordinarily self-confident and unequivocal replies. They are instructive in revealing to us how the mind of a master of money works. They may teach us to regard with a skeptical mind the profession of any man in control of great wealth that he is performing a public duty or acting in the interests of the people at large. It is not that such men are consciously hypocritical or willfully deceiving: it is merely that their conscience and their consciousness are ever so slightly warped by a lifetime devoted almost exclusively to acquisitiveness.

It is possible to imagine that even at the age of twenty-four, J. Pierpont Morgan, by some mystical identification of temporary expediency and ultimate destiny, considered himself a patriot and his activities in line with the aims of the Republic. Mean-spirited critics, observing only facts and not the high purpose behind them, might be inclined to call Morgan at that age a slacker, a swindler and a profiteer in the blood and sacrifice of other men. Although able-bodied and unmarried, he did not enlist for service in the Civil War; nor was he conscripted. At the outbreak of hostilities there were in the New York arsenal 5,000 carbines which had been condemned by the army inspecting officers as obsolete and dangerous: they had a habit of exploding in the breech, maiming or killing the soldiers who fired them. In a deal promoted by one Arthur Eastman, and financed by J. P. Morgan through a speculator named Simon Stevens, these dangerous carbines were sold at a huge profit to General Frémont in St. Louis, who was badly pressed for arms, while the carbines were still the property of the government and no actual cash had been put up by the sellers. "The government not only sold, one day for $17,486," writes Mr. Corey in his detailed account of this now rather familiar piece of Morgan financing, "arms which it had agreed the day before to purchase for $109,912, making a loss to the United States on the transaction of $92,426, but virtually furnished the money to pay itself the $17,486 which it received."

Young Morgan followed this coup in 1863 with another which netted him about $80,000. In conspiracy with another slacker-speculator, both using their fathers' credit, he profited by an adverse turn in the fortunes of the Union army to obtain almost a corner in gold. This little manipulation disorganized foreign exchange temporarily and interfered with trade—making all the more precarious the life of women and children with men folk at the front.

Yet J. P. Morgan was a pious man. He reposed in Jesus Christ the same confidence he reposed in a partner of the House of Morgan, as witness this prelude to his will, quoted by Mr. Corey:

> I commit my soul into the hands of my Savior, in full confidence that having redeemed it and washed it in His most precious blood He will present it faultless before my Heavenly Father; and I entreat my children to maintain and defend, at all hazard and at any cost of personal sacrifice, the blessed doctrine of the complete atonement for sin through the blood of Jesus Christ, once offered, and through that alone.

There is something in this prelude which, paradoxically, is at once appealingly naïve and sublimely arrogant. It sounds very much like a Morgan recommendation to a board of directors—a highly intimidated board of directors—and it compares strangely with the burial service of the Hapsburgs. When the Emperor Francis Joseph was interred, his body was carried through the streets in a plain box mounted on a simple cart, like that of any workman. It was shorn of all the trappings of royalty, to indicate that the Emperor, like his humblest subject, was now a mere petitioner at the gates of Heaven. The petition read, as I recall, "Have mercy, O Lord, on Francis Joseph, a poor sinner."

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Of all the books that deal with J. Pierpont and his family, "The House of Morgan" is the most complete, the most exact, the most detailed; indeed, it is the only one which treats at considerable length the present constitution of the House and the centralization of financial control in the hands of the Morgan partners and their affiliated bankers and directors. It is unfortunate that Mr. Corey doesn't write better (he has a most annoying habit of beginning sentences with unattached participles); but he has been industrious in research and conscientious; and his bibliography and notes on sources are marvelously complete. His most important contribution is his enumeration of the banks, corporations, railroads, trust companies, utilities and natural resources under Morgan control; they involve more than seventy-four billion dollars in assets, or 24 percent of the total valuation of American industry. "The immense power over American industry," writes Mr. Corey, "is concentrated in 167 persons in the Morgan combination, who hold more than 2,450 interlocking directorships in corporations."

From the evidence presented by Mr. Corey, it would appear that the elder J. P. Morgan, although a man of tremendous vitality and personal force, has been vastly overrated as a financier, and that he came by his immense personal power largely by inherited wealth, by chance (having to do with the circumstances of our industrial development) and by his ability in selecting efficient men to work for him and in driving them to the utmost. J. P. Morgan is popularly supposed to have "saved the country" in the panics of 1893 and 1907. According to the testimony adduced by Mr. Corey, even the temporary solution of the drain upon the Treasury reserves in 1893 was provided by James Stillman, although Morgan took the credit. The method chosen was tremendously profitable to Morgan and his allies, but it was only as oil of cloves on a toothache which was prolonged for two years. In the panic of 1907, too, the crisis was almost over when Morgan was merely made director of financial reserves provided by Rockefeller, Schiff, Harriman, Ryan and by the Treasury itself; relief went to banks owned by or affiliated with Morgan, being withheld from others; and the House of Morgan emerged with control of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, which, with its immense resources, was added to Morgan's newly organized steel trust. Morgan bankrupted the New Haven by poor business judgment and nearly bankrupted the New York Central; there would have been no Northern Pacific panic if Morgan had not acted more like an insanely angered small boy than a sound financier; he made a gigantic mistake with International Mercantile Marine; and he and the House of Morgan have floated foreign bond issues and common stocks which, when sold to the public of this country, have been very sour investments for the widows and kiddos.

The House of Morgan is now, in a way of speaking, without a head, since the present J. P. Morgan exercises little or none of the dictatorship of his father. It functions almost automatically as a well oiled piece of machinery, with Thomas W. Lamont, a brainy fellow, as a sort of general superintendent of the works. The organization as it was built up has always been one manned by financiers of great personal integrity and proved character. The mistakes have never been those of venality, but of a narrow vision or fallibility of business judgment. Morgan crushed men like Gates and Morse and Heinze—men whose characters suggest that they would have disastrously misused the vast power enjoyed by the House of Morgan if they had been able to attain it. But, as long ago as 1912, during the Money Trust investigation, George F. Baker said that in his opinion the centralization of money and credit had gone far enough and that the situation as it then existed was "not entirely" a comfortable one for a great country to be in. And Mr. Baker was and is one of the most powerful factors in that centralization, a much richer man than J. P. Morgan. Is the situation now, after eighteen years during which the process has been vastly intensified, any more comfortable for the country? Mr. Corey does not think so. In fact, he says that the House now stands as a forbidding and formidable bulwark against the "developing struggle for social reorganization and control of industry."

BURTON RASCOE.

Rome Is Burning

Roman Holiday, by Upton Sinclair. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

WHENEVER there is an important journalistic job to be done, Upton Sinclair is likely to do it first, and do it in many respects as well as or better than anyone else would have done it. His latest book illustrates the point. It is a trick novel, less important as literature than almost anything else he has written; but as journalism it is, as usual, timely, vigorous and competent.

The analogy of contemporary America with the last century of the Roman republic has frequently been suggested. Mr. Sinclair has worked out this parallel in detail, using the ingenious device of a rich young New England aristocrat and Legionnaire who is hurled unconscious from his racing automobile and who, during three weeks of coma, relives episodes of a 2,000-year-old class struggle which are closely analogous to his contemporary strike-breaking exploits. Mr. Sinclair's gallery of contemporary caricatures is complete, including the shot at Humanism implicit in the detail that his hard-boiled hero, Luke Faber, sings in an Episcopalian choir. As a human being Luke is rather dull and unconvincing—Mr. Sinclair apparently knows his Jimmy Higginses better than he does his plutocrats. But his adventures develop the thesis, which is concerned with the following demonstrations:

That twenty years after the destruction of Carthage, the Roman Republic was disintegrating politically and socially, much after the fashion of contemporary America twelve years after the World War.

That the bankrupt farmers who swelled the Roman plebs to unmanageable proportions were dispossessed by processes similar to those now taking place in America.

That the coin of the Roman Republic was worn thin on one side by the legitimate racketeers of business and on the other by bandits corresponding roughly to our urban gangsters.

That pre-Christian Rome had a flaming youth no less sophisticated than ours; also its quota of queer religious cults, parlor pinks, fashionable physicians and crooked politicians.

That the Roman industrialists and bankers of 138 B. C. also used Legionnaires to break strikes and otherwise keep the plebs in order.

That the Roman sumptuary laws corresponded more or less to our prohibition and were similarly evaded.

There are other minor analogies, more or less convincing. Mr. Sinclair insists on them ruthlessly, no matter what happens to his characters. Little does happen to them, and less that is credible. Luke, who has a lightly sketched mistress and an even more shadowy debutante

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fiancée, falls in love with a beautiful nurse who is also an I. W. W. sympathizer. The beautiful Marcia scorns him, lectures him on the philosophy of the class struggle, and is ultimately killed under circumstances for which Luke feels partly responsible. The unloved debutante walks out on him and Luke goes back to his mistress.

"Roman Holiday" is not, as the jacket alleges, a spectacular love story. Neither is it a very good novel. It is, however, a skillfully contrived narrative; it will be widely read and it puts over successfully the implied indictment of our civilization which Mr. Sinclair intended.

JAMES RORTY.

Mr. Brown Says Yes and No

Upstage: The American Theater in Performance, by John Mason Brown. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 276 pages. $3.

WITH THE publication in 1929 of "The Modern Theater in Revolt," a brief but thorough and illuminating study of the tumultuous era which headed our way when Hugo, "Hernani" and Romanticism took off at the Théâtre Français in 1830, John Mason Brown made it clear that he brought to his trade uncommon perspective, sympathy for the more unruly phenomena of the stage and an interest in the theater's continuing principles. His discerning and accurate reviews for The New York Evening Post have won him praise from all quarters. Variety features his batting average; The Theater Arts Monthly receives him as its own.

In "Upstage," Mr. Brown has tackled the critic's most precarious and crucial job: a serious appraisal of his most notable contemporaries, and through them, as he indicates in a foreword, of the "major problems and tendencies" of the American stage. For the framework of the book he has hit upon an ingratiating scheme. Inviting his readers to sit with him before a performance of the living theater, he divides his production into five acts, one each for playwrights, actors, scenic artists, directors and "men on the aisle." In each act he displays his representatives in rapid sequence, prefacing their appearance with remarks of a general nature. The presentation is closed with a chapter on theater buildings and a chapter on the audience itself.

The longest sketch in the book is the study of Eugene O'Neill. Unearthing O'Neill's first work, "Thirst and Other One Act Plays," Mr. Brown gives us the portrait of the artist as a baby; "and being a baby picture," he explains, "it is a photograph that finds him frowning." Here in the cradle is the authentic O'Neill. First play: Three thirsty men on a raft; "God! God! What a joke to play on us!" Second play: A drab with tuberculosis in a moldering attic during a rainstorm: "she seems to be aware of something in the room which none of the others can see"; it is "the ironic life force that has crushed her." Mr. Brown quotes in no facetious mood. It is because O'Neill is conscious of "something" which our other dramatists ignore that he finds him admirable; but he points out the weakness in O'Neill's attempt to make tragedy out of an "ironic" life force. The attempt led O'Neill to symbolism: when the symbols deal with the crude elements of nature O'Neill is torrential and magnificent; when his concern is with intellectual matters he mires. He is "an unsatisfactory genius . . . because he comes so frequently within the range of greatness without achieving it completely"; however—"the merit of his having tried shines through all that he writes."

The condensation is unjust to Mr. Brown's smooth, often epigrammatic style, but it suggests, I trust, his critical virtues: his scholarship, his gift for exposition, his desire to establish relationships and, above all, his effort to do justice both to the good and the bad in his subjects. Writing about Philip Barry, Paul Green, Sidney Howard, George Kelly, he holds to the same level. He is shrewd, sensible, informed. He makes no bones about his performers' defects; he is careful always to appreciate merits; and he follows this method in the sketches of the other twenty-two notables, beginning with Mrs. Fiske and ending with Stark Young.

The five chapters prefatory to the various sections are likewise thorough and accurate, pointing out successively the problem of the playwrights (escaping fairy-tale realism), the plight of the actors (casting to type, employment-agency booking), narrating the rise of the "scenic artist" and of the modern director and explaining the difference between writing theatrical reviews and criticism. One expects a final chapter dealing with the American theater as a whole, redeeming explicitly the promise of the foreword; but it has obviously been Mr. Brown's plan to weave his discussion of "problems and tendencies" into the diverse and separate studies.

But there is one omission which is disastrously apparent. Mr. Brown has walked out of the book and left a method in his place. He has obliterated his most essential performer—himself; he has done so intentionally, proudly. And the distressing fact is that the book, after a hundred pages or so, quietly and politely goes dead. It goes dead from an excess of virtue, of that virtue which is the distinguishing feature of every page, and on which as a cornerstone Mr. Brown builds his critical watchtower. For Mr. Brown's ideal, his ideal not merely for the professional critic but for the general theatergoer, is "the detachment of impersonal judgment." He is against what Mr. Young has termed "Community Swoons," he is against vocabularies consisting exclusively of superlatives and invective; he believes that it is a good thing to possess a middle register. To be sure. But when, in the theater of all places, such an attitude becomes the motivating point of view, it is metamorphosed instantly into the saddest of defects. For the theater is not a place for detached judgment. It is not a safe abode for the scientific spirit. It is not impersonal, or dispassionate, or anything like that. It is, of all places and beyond all arts, passionately personal. "I believe," says Unamuno, "that it is necessary to agitate the masses, to shake men and winnow them as in a sieve, to throw [them] against one another, in order to see if in this way their shells will not break and their spirits flow forth, whether they will not mingle and unite with one another, and whether the real collective spirit, the soul of humanity, may not thus be welded together." That is the theater, and that is the ideal—an ideal at bottom fiercely personal, passionately aware of the necessity of breaking down that very detachment which Mr. Brown exalts. It is a good thing to know, as Mr. Brown informs us, that Katherine Cornell is potentially a great actress who has begun to imperil her prestige by playing claptrap. It is a good thing to know the facts about Robert Edmond Jones, Norman-Bel Geddes, David Belasco and Lenore Ulric. It is excellent that they and their fellows should be carefully and properly depicted. If only with these facts, these correct descriptions, impeccable expositions, able summaries, Mr. Brown had given us somewhere, just once, a feeling that they mattered; that they mattered, not to "the theater," but to him—so that we might feel that they mattered to us. "Warmth, warmth,

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more warmth," exclaims Unamuno, elsewhere, "for we die of cold and not of darkness. It is not the night but the frost that kills."

BYRON DEXTER.

Science and Religion

Man and the Stars, by Harlan True Stetson. New York: McGraw-Hill Company. 221 pages. $2.50.

Crusaders of Chemistry, by Jonathan Norton Leonard. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 307 pages. $2.75.

The Adventure of Science, by Benjamin Ginzburg. New York: Simon and Schuster. 487 pages. $5.

OF THE three books under review, the first two are relatively slight. "Crusaders of Chemistry" is a series of essays giving a picturesque account of the lives and achievements of six of the principal founders of that science. "Man and the Stars" traces the gradual change in men's concepts of the physical structure of the universe and gives a good account of the work of such men as Copernicus, Galileo, Newton and Herschel. The final pages are devoted to an account of some of the more modern discoveries in astrophysics. Mr. Ginzburg's "Adventure of Science," by far the most interesting and ambitious of the three books, is a serious and, on the whole, successful attempt to provide an aperçu of the general development of science. It begins with an admirable account of the work of Pythagoras and the Greeks, and ends with the recent concepts of the new quantum theory. It is too thorough to be a really popular book, and those who patronize the more superficial ABC's of knowledge would find it too difficult. On the other hand, it is not technical, and it almost entirely avoids the use of mathematical symbols. It will be read with most profit by the serious-minded student who has had sufficient education to be at home with abstract ideas, but who has not gone very far in technical study. It shows remarkable familiarity with many branches of science and, on the whole, is a considerable achievement.

Toward the end of the book there is some discussion of the more general questions raised by the new attitude to causality of modern physicists. On this matter it seems to the reviewer that Mr. Ginzburg is under a quite definite misapprehension. He remarks: "There have not been wanting scientists, like Eddington, who have drawn a theological moral. With the electron no longer obeying causal laws there is no longer any reason for religion to be afraid of scientific determinism." Mr. Ginzburg goes on to say, "To the present writer, this reasoning is reminiscent of the difficulties with which a beginner finds himself confronted when he undertakes the study of probability." Mr. Ginzburg is thus apparently assimilating the statistical laws governing the behavior of electrons with the statistical laws which govern the behavior of molecules in the conventional dynamical theory of gases. It is this attempted assimilation which seems to me to rest upon a misapprehension. When the dynamical theory of gases was worked out, it was certainly not suggested that causality did not apply to individual molecules, and the word "chance" was certainly applied in a purely technical sense (in the sense, that is, that if we were suddenly able to direct our attention to a particular molecule, there would be no reason to expect it to be moving to the right rather than to the left, if the gas as a whole was at rest). It would, however, have been scandalous to suggest that the molecule did not, in fact, obey the ordinary laws of mechanics. The principle of indeterminacy, on the other hand, seems to suggest that causality in the old sense does not apply to the behavior of individual electrons. This is an entirely new conception, and Eddington and Jeans seem to be right in regarding it as quite revolutionary.

Both Professor Stetson's book and Mr. Ginzburg's close with chapters on the relations between science and religion. This has become common in modern books on science and, to the present reviewer, most of the discussions seem beside the point. Usually they take the form of pointing out what is indeed true, that science is not concerned with values, and that the beauty of a rainbow is as much a fact of experience as the wave length of one of its constituent colors. There is nothing in science, therefore, as they justly observe, which really affects our own notions of values. The real philosophical question is exactly where it was before.

There are, however, two other issues. In the first place, the effect of science has been to make the old-fashioned anthropomorphic God not impossible to believe in, but infinitely less plausible; while miracles and much of the apparatus of traditional theology become essentially improbable. The second point is that, precisely because science is not concerned with values, it cannot be expected to provide any adequate basis for religious belief. As Professor Eddington remarks, "Science cannot tell whether the world spirit is good or evil, and its halting argument for the existence of a God might equally well be turned into an argument for the existence of a Devil." The old philosophical dilemma that if we are to take our own notions and values seriously and attribute significance to our own experiences we cannot logically believe in a God who is at once omnipotent and good, is not affected one way or another by modern science. The scientific frame of mind affects our approach to this problem, but scientific discoveries are hardly strictly relevant to its solution. Mr. Ginzburg, for example, seems to believe that Mr. Russell's essay on "The Free Man's Worship" may be refuted if we discover that the world is more than a blind dance of atoms. To the reviewer, however, the obvious fact of daily experience, that the external world is completely indifferent to our ideals and purposes and that a streptococcic infection is as likely to strike down Einstein in the midst of mathematical discovery as Capone in the midst of racketeering, is a significant fact of experience unaffected by modern science and extremely relevant to the problem of the relation between our own intuitions of value and the nature of the external world. I am not suggesting an answer to this problem: I am only suggesting that science cannot answer it, and can do little to affect it.

W. B. CURRY.

Book Notes

BELLES LETTRES

THE AMERICAN RICH, by Hoffman Nickerson. *New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 311 pages. $2.*

The Army, in the person of Mr. Hoffman Nickerson, has done its bit for Humanism by writing 300 pages of haw-haw arrogance and sly fatuousness and by dedicating them to Professor Irving Babbitt. Contrary to the expectations which the title might arouse, the book is not a sociological treatise about the American rich. It is another program: what the rich should do to put down the "egalitarian envy" of lower-case "jews" and others who threaten their security—this security being synonymous to Mr. Nickerson with civilization. The book is not, as has been rumored, a satire of Humanism perpetrated by some diabolical jew like Mike Gold. It is wholly authentic, even to the photograph of the formidably mustached author which adorns the jacket.

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THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES. Translated by John Jay Chapman. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 71 pages. $10.*

This is one of the most handsomely printed, but not one of the most remarkable, of Mr. Chapman's books. His blank verse has some of the terseness and vigor of his prose, but he is not at his best in verse, and the little essay on the "Antigone" appended has not the interest of the note on Greek tragedy in the volume which contained his translation of the "Philoctetes." Mr. Chapman has been misled into supposing that Antigone was intended to be in love with Haemon. There is no evidence for this whatever in Sophocles' text: Antigone never mentions her fiancé, and Jebb was able to make her appear to do so in the passage Mr. Chapman quotes only by absolutely gratuitous and unwarranted emendations.

MARS, or The Truth About War, by Alain. Translated by Doris Murdie and Elizabeth Hill. *New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 319 pages. $2.50.*

Alain's brief essays are profound reflections, almost formulations, of war's mainsprings in the heart and society of man. They do not attempt to simplify war to an economic issue or any other issue, but rather endeavor to find its rhythms, its joints of action, the caliber of thought that reduces all men to a common martial denominator. Since these notations are unhampered by the channels through which art forces thought, they cut more accurately through to common human characteristics, and will probably, because of their intellectual formulation, be less widely read than novels not one-tenth so important.

REVOLT IN THE ARTS, a Survey of the Creation, Distribution and Appreciation of Art in America, by Oliver M. Sayler and others. *New York: Brentano's. 351 pages. $3.50.*

A shoddy, superficial and general account of the arts and their condition in the American Machine Age is here combined with an amazing number of false notions about the function of the arts themselves. The general idea as put forward by the author seems to be that all the arts join hands with all the machines and dance toward a limitless rosy horizon. If nothing else vitiated the whole conception, Mr. Sayler's miswriting of history would falsify his generalizations. The latter half of the volume consists of a symposium written by some distinguished and a number of the less distinguished actors, directors, playwrights, movie actresses, etc. Hart Crane's sensible remarks about poetry rise considerably above the low level of the volume.

Biography and Memoirs

ROADSIDE MEETINGS, by Hamlin Garland. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 474 pages. $3.50.*

Hamlin Garland in youth bound himself to the stern literary creed of veritism, but none the less he is a romantic figure. A farmer of twenty-three on a South Dakota claim, he was moved by the casual words of a traveling preacher to go forth to seek the best that America afforded in literature, drama, music and art. In a Prince Albert suit which cost $20 and inclined in color to purple, and with $150 in his pocket, he arrived in Boston to spend a year. Harvard and Boston University were closed to him; the Public Library, the Boston Museum, the symphony concerts, the studios of struggling painters became his college; Howells, Edwin Booth and John Enneking, his teachers. It is a remarkable story of resolution and independence, and an illustration of the American romantic theme of success. Garland was himself, and every string that he touched vibrated to that key. His present volume is a chapter in the American culture-history of the late nineteenth century—the movement toward local realism and the creation of a literature in the vernacular, in which he took an honorable part, and in which he had as co-workers Howells, Mark Twain, Eggleston, Bret Harte, Cable, Riley, Joaquin Miller, as well as James A. Herne the playwright and actor.

STEPHEN J. FIELD, Craftsman of the Law, by Carl Brent Swisher. *Washington: The Brookings Institution. 473 pages. $4.*

An interesting and, at times, exciting biography of the "headstrong and self-confident" chief justice of the supreme court of

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California who was appointed by President Lincoln as a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. As such, for over thirty-four years, he was a defender of the individual against the State —of Southerners, after the Civil War, against the government, of Chinese on the Coast against hostile ordinances, and of capitalists against regulation.

Fiction

BACK STREET, by Fannie Hurst. *New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.50.*

Miss Hurst's garden is a weedy place; the bad taste and bad writing, the sentimentality and constant reiteration of things which scarcely required statement in the first place, would be formidable objections to her work if it were not for the enormous vitality and gusto which leaven the lump. Around the story of a woman brought up in the German-American section of Cincinnati in the nineties, who immures her life within the narrow confines of an illicit passion, she has constructed a relentless and undeniably powerful novel which recalls, in theme and setting and treatment, the "Sister Carrie" of Theodore Dreiser. Like that of Dreiser's novel, its strength, in the last essence, proceeds as much from its defects as its qualities.

BLACK NO MORE, by George S. Schuyler. *New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.*

A Harlem alchemist discovers the secret of turning black to white and causes the white population of the United States, in order to protect itself from the social and economic menace of a minority become externally indistinguishable from its betters, eventually to stain its collective face a deeper brown. Mr. Schuyler's satire is racy and amusing in a sophomoric way; it would be more amusing if he had not achieved his cynicism quite so cheaply—by an unfunny and indiscriminate lampooning of the leaders of his race.

WIDE OPEN TOWN, by Myron Brinig. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.*

Myron Brinig's composite picture of a Montana mining town suffers from being too deeply concerned with the town and too little concerned with its inhabitants; that the background is raw, vivid and picturesque is made clear in the first chapters, and the later descriptions are only additional proof of a fact the reader could believe with less insistence. The poetic Irishmen are too poetic and too often analyzed in terms of their nationality and religion to be convincing, and the minor characters carry their labels with them at each appearance. Only Zola, the prostitute whose love affair with the ardent Catholic forms the center of the book, seems genuine, and she suffers by being alone as a creation.

Contributors

BEULAH AMIDON holds an editorial job in New York City which brings her in contact with current educational experiments and those who are conducting them.

PETER MUNRO JACK has taught in various universities in England, and was until recently Professor of Rhetoric at the University of Michigan.

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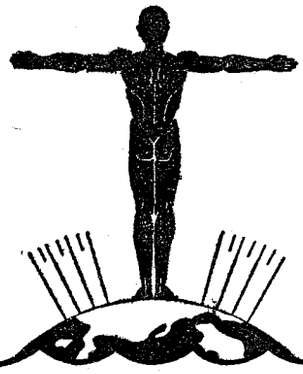

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